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LITERATURE.

The Roots of the Mountains. By William Morris. (Reeves & Turner.)

Although the characters in Mr. Morris's new romance are set among very archaic surroundings, they appear to be essentially of a mediaeval type. The men of Burgdale are a people of German blood, though many of their customs appear to differ from those described in the *Germania*, inhabiting a town or thorp in a valley "amidst the mountains and hills and falling streams of a fair land," situate apparently somewhere in the Southern Tyrol. The village, or little market-town, was set in a fortified pass, shut in by cliffs and protected by a wall and towers. On a knoll near the brow of the cliff the men of old times had built a strong and great watch-tower; "and therefrom the thorp had its name, and the whole valley also, and it was called Burgstead in Burgdale." There was a space of about fifty acres "betwixt the wall and the wandering stream"; and therein, we are told, lay Burgstead, in a space of "the shape of a sword-pummel." The houses were all of stone, "with much fair and curious carved work of knots, and beasts, and men round about the doors, or whiles a wall of such-like work all along the house-front." The dalesmen were as expert at stone-work as their upland neighbours, the woodlanders, were at carving runes and patterns on their oaken beams. The shepherd-folk, higher up on the downs, lived a ruder life in scattered homesteads, and were "not very curious in their houses and halls." The three folks were united in the bonds of kindred and friendship, and formed, in fact, one rustic state, governed by one alderman and meeting in the same folk-mote.

The men of Burgdale were great producers of corn and a good red wine which was bought by the foreign merchants. They were very successful in gold-washing; but the silver-mines in the neighbourhood—in Silverdale, across the mountains—had been seized by a dusky tribe, of Mongol or Hunnish affinities, with whose defeat by the dalesmen and their allies the story is principally concerned. The men of the dale also sold weapons of such fashions as were used in the Westland, "and golden cups and chains, and fair rings set with mountain-blue stones, and copper bowls, and vessels gilt and parcel-gilt, and mountain-blue for staining." The woodlanders brought down wood-carvings and peltries, and the shepherds "such fleeces as they could spare from the daily chaffer with the neighbours." The market-place was wherever anyone cared to pitch a booth; but we are told that for the most part this was done in the wide street between the gate and the bridge. The gradual growth of a commercial town from the trade-meetings of country-folk and foreign chapmen, the "nundinae barbarorum" of classical description, is indicated with great force and precision. There is a particularly interesting account of the visit of the men of Shadowy Vale, a murky region into which the Wolf-tribe had been driven by the Hunnish savages, to the great spring-market at Burgstead.

"Gay was the show; for the booths were tilted over with painted cloths, and the merchants themselves were clad in long gowns of fine cloth; scarlet, and blue, and white, and green, and black, with broidered welts of gold and silver; and their knaves were gaily attired in short coats of divers hues, with silver rings about their arms, and short swords girt to their sides. People began to gather about these chapmen at once when they fell to opening their bales and their packs, and unloading their wains. There had they iron, both in pigs and forged scrap and nails; steel they had, and silver, both in ingots and vessel; pearls from over sea; cinnabar and other colours for staining, such as were not in the mountains; madder from the marshes, and purple of the sea, and scarlet grain from the holm-oaks by its edge, and woad from the deep clayey fields of the plain; silken thread also from the outer ocean, and rare webs of silk, and jars of olive oil and fine pottery, and scented woods, and sugar of the cane."

The head-man of the merchants brings news of a great invasion of dusky men who had overthrown the armies of the cities in the plain; and how they had piled up skulls into great hills beside the city gates, "and how, because of the death and the rapine, grass had grown in the king's chambers, and the wolves had chased deer in the temples of the gods." The prince of the tribe from the murky vale arrives "in glorious array," with his sister "the Sunbeam," whose courtship by Goldmane of Burgdale, otherwise called Face-of-God, gives a romantic colour to the story, and relieves the reader's mind from the gloom of the guerilla war, and murders grim and great, and the tumult of the long battle in which the "felon tribes" in Rose-dale meet their well-earned doom. Folkright, the prince of the Wolf-race, is a kind of Robin Hood, who only robs a skin-flint or occasionally holds a merchant to ransom; and it is to be observed that he pays for the purchase of a dagger and a "web of gold and silk," as well as a fine for robbery set upon him in the folk-mote, with the treasure of silver rings which his soldiers had taken from their dusky enemies. The character of the princess is finely drawn. She seems likely at first to be the bringer of strife and misfortune, like another Helen, on the peaceful children of the vale; but the threatened evils are fortunately turned full upon the horde of invaders. The valiant and beautiful bride, who loses her "gold-maned" chieftain, is consoled with a new love for Folkright and a happy life in the purified halls of Silverstead.

There are plenty of songs interspersed with the story, and some of the best are sung by the Bride. Others are sung by an Amazonian "Bow-may" to the music of Woodwont's "goodly fiddle"; and Goldmane is called upon for the Song of the Ford, telling how the warriors returned to their clover-fields and meads of mowing grass after a wild battle upon the hills:

"In hay-tide, through the day new-born,
Across the meads we come;
Our hauberks brush the blossomed corn
A furlong short of home."

Another fine poem occurs in the description of a journey to the forest "for sticks that would quarter best for bow-staves." The brethren of the House of the Face go forth at the alderman's bidding, and find the Bride waiting for them. We have only room for a portion of the description, which is noticeable for its extreme simplicity and directness:

"So came they to the yew-wood, and the brethren fell to work, and the Bride with them, for she was deft with the axe, and strong withal. But at mid-day they rested on the green slope without the yew-wood; and they ate bread and flesh and onions and apples, and drank red wine of the dale."

And while they were resting the Bride sang to them an ancient song of the coming of the "murder-carles." "No man can tell how many they be, and the voice of their host as the thunder rolls." The men of a little peaceful settlement hear the true story of the coming danger, but determine to defend their home against all the world.

"It was summer-tide and the Month of Hay,
And men and maids must fare afield;
But we saw the place where the bow-staves lay,
And the hall was hung with spear and shield.

"When the moon was high we drank in the hall,
And they drank to the guests, and were kind and blithe,
And they said: Come back when the chestnuts fall,
And the wine-carts wend across the hythe.

"Come oft and o'er again, they said:
Wander your ways; but we abide
For all the world in the little stead;
For wise are we, though the world be wide.

"Yea, come in arms if ye will, they said;
And despite your host shall we abide
For life or death in the little stead;
For wise are we, though the world be wide.'

"So she made an end and looked at the fairness of the dale spreading wide before her, and a robin came nigh from out of a thornbush, and sung his song also, the sweet herald of coming winter; and the lapwings wheeled about, black and white, above the meadow by the river, sending forth their wheedling pipe, as they hung above the soft turf."

There is no space to quote the account of the gathering of the host in Burgdale, the bowmen's battle on the edge of Silverdale, and the onslaught of the Men of the Steer, the Bridge, and the Bull, and all the other banners of the united kindreds. The reader will find plenty of Homeric fighting, with the victory inclining always to the right side. The felons are massacred and peace returns to the desolated valleys. The kindreds became one folk "for better or worse, in peace and in war, in waning and waxing," meeting together in Shadowy Vale, as a holy place, when converse and council were needed; and so, in the words with which the book concludes, "no more as now telleth the tale of these kindreds and folks, but maketh an ending."

Charles Elton.

Lord Melbourne's Papers. Edited by Lloyd C. Sanders. With a Preface by Earl Cowper. (Longmans.)

To the present generation Lord Melbourne has been known and his character estimated chiefly by two often-printed remarks. It is said that, when reform was spoken of, he invariably met the reformer with the chilling question, "Can't you let it alone?" and that of honours he observed, "What I like about the Garter is that there is no damned nonsense of merit about it." Both are quite characteristic of Lord Melbourne; but these papers show us how much of careful patriotism, of real statesmanship, and of true Liberalism there was besides in the first Prime Minister of Queen Victoria. We agree entirely with Lord Cowper that "the matter contained in this volume is almost all of it new, and a great deal of it very interesting." Lord Rosebery said the other day that "we are a people who are liable to be misled by persons with greater pretensions to confidence than their character deserves." No public man of the century was more free from pretence than Lord Melbourne, and he lived in days when peers had not mastered the arts of the platform. "In Lord Melbourne's time," says Lord Cowper, "such a thing was almost unknown"—a condition adding much to the interest of these confidential remains which disclose so much of the unknown in a potent and historical personality.

We gather from the frankness of Lord Melbourne's earliest papers that the struggle of parties for power was then more reckless of common interests than in these democratic and more decorous days. So far in later times do men assume a virtue if they have it not that we think no young man of position, even in private correspondence, would now desire the defeat of his country's arms, as Lord Melbourne appears to have done in hoping that the French "would have been able to maintain themselves there [in Egypt, 1800], in spite of Canning's wit and Sir Sydney's valour"; or would write, "We are in terrible dumps. Nothing but a good blow on the continent can revive us." There are notes of genuineness in these papers which seem to have escaped observation, in the use of obsolete words. Take for example that Lord Melbourne frequently, Lord Anglesea at p. 177, and Lord Holland on p. 235, use "beat" as in Melbourne's phrase, "Still they will be beat by a large majority."

Lord Melbourne, while he was still Mr. Lamb, soon made a position for himself in the House of Commons. Early in 1807, when a member of the Opposition led by Granville and Fox, he seconded an important motion of censure which, after an all-night sitting—the division being taken at half-past six in the morning—placed the government in peril. It was at that time contended that the king must, upon the interval between the dismissal and appointment of a cabinet, act without advisers. Melbourne was only twenty-eight; but in his well-kept diary there is the profound and just remark that,

"if this be admitted, it leads either to the absurdity that in a free government there may be acts of the executive power for which no one is responsible, or to the unconstitutional conclusion that the king is himself amenable."

In Melbourne's youth, Protestant ascendancy was the ruling dogma of British domestic policy. To establish the Protestant Church in Ireland "for ever" had been King George's dearest purpose in the Act of Union; and long after, in the plenitude of power, Melbourne displayed the influence of these same prepossessions. From Windsor Castle, in 1838, he wrote:

"My opinion is for granting civil rights as far as such equality is compatible with safety both to the doctrines and the superiority of the Protestant establishment."

He succeeded his father in the peerage in 1828, and soon after became Home Secretary—an office for which his common reputation would make him seem ill-fitted; an impression entirely corrected by these papers. Those with whom he was associated in the cabinet had a truer estimate of Melbourne's powers. Never was the position more arduous than in those riotous years which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill. But Lord Melbourne calmly studied the new social development, and never surrendered to panic. He recognised a great difficulty in the state of the Poor Law:

"Two great errors which have been committed in the administration of the Poor Laws are the paying of the wages of labour out of the poor rate, and the making a difference between the rates of relief afforded to married and single men in favour of the former."

No letter in the whole volume gives us more pleasure than that in which Melbourne, the cynic, refuses to adopt the suggestion of Mr. Henry Drummond, the Irvingite apostle, for the employment of spies and accomplices. Said the Home Secretary:

"The danger of employing spies and accomplices has always been found to be that, in order to further their own ends, satisfy their employers and forward their own interests and maintain their credit, they are too oft, first, to bring forward false accusations; secondly, to excite and encourage to the commission of crimes in order that they may have the honour of informing against and detecting them."

When it was proposed that the Reform Bill should be framed as the voting for the members of Boards of Guardians is now arranged, Melbourne protested in words which may perhaps be held good for the policy of "one man one vote":

"The principle of an individual being empowered to give a greater number of suffrages according to the amount of his property is, in my opinion, liable to great objection. . . . But the consideration which weighs most with me is that such an arrangement leads to the result of a majority being openly and manifestly out-voted by a minority—a result which strikes me as totally opposed to the real principles of popular voting, and calculated to lose all the advantages derived from popular institutions, and which mainly consist in the contentment, acquiescence, and satisfaction derived from the consciousness felt by the people that they either watch over their own interests, or have each of them an equal voice in nominating those whom they trust with that duty."

Melbourne subdued Brougham, and his personal dignity and power are nowhere more conspicuous than in the letter in which he charged and chided the Lord Chancellor with domineering, interfering, and encroaching too much; with actual intrusion "upon the province of the Prime Minister." The Irish he thought "the most conspiring people on the face of the earth"; but he confided to Lord John Russell his opinion that they were "not such damned fools as the people of England. When they place confidence they do not withdraw it the next instant." He had in William IV. an honest but timid and troublesome master, whom he was sometimes obliged to correct in language of dignified servility. The king was very angry when he discovered that the Czar had been consulted before himself as to Lord Durham's mission to St. Petersburg; and when the monarch scolded, the minister replied:

"It is Viscount Melbourne's duty to obey your Majesty's commands in communicating with great reluctance to Viscount Palmerston your Majesty's letter dated the 28th inst. from Windsor Castle. But Viscount Melbourne, in performing this act, must by no means be considered as concurring in any censure of a minister with whom he has entirely agreed, or of an act to which he has himself been a party."

Yet, though such passages were not infrequent, Melbourne described William IV., when his short reign ended, as "a being of the most uncompromising and firmest honour that ever it pleased Divine Providence to place upon the throne." When he had to write severely to a colleague, Melbourne used his pen without unction and without compromise. Lord Durham was Governor of Canada, and had made a questionable appointment in the case of a Mr. Turton. Just such punishment as was given to Brougham went out to the colony:

"It is one of those gratuitous and unnecessary difficulties which men most unaccountably create for themselves, and which are generally greater than any which are created for them by the natural course of events. . . . You must have known and you did know that objections would arise. . . . It is incredible that a man of common-sense should show such an ignorance or such a disregard of public feeling and opinion as you have done in the selection."

In 1838 the present Lord Grey was as fond of writing long letters as he was in 1888, and upon one with reference to the Persian war Lord Melbourne replied:

"It will not do to rely upon argument against actual force, against the equipping of fleets and the hurry of armies. If we do, we run the risk of being in the plight of that man who suffered flogging while his counsel was arguing that the court had no power to inflict that punishment upon him."

He was careful in the selection of bishops, and held the opinion that "literary men" for that office "are seldom good for anything." He stoutly defended the appointment of Prof. Hampden as Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, denouncing the bitterness, the faction, the violence, the prejudice to be found in universities.

In his marriage, and long afterwards in his friendship with Mrs. Norton, Lord Melbourne was not happy. Early in wedded life he made his "commonplace book" his confidant, and wrote:

"By marrying you place yourself upon the defensive, instead of the offensive, in society, which latter is admitted to be in all contentions the most advantageous mode of proceeding. Every man will find his own private affairs

more difficult to manage and control than any public affairs in which he may be engaged."

Lady Caroline Lamb, his wife, was possessed with a romantic and irrepressible admiration for Byron, and with solid esteem for her own husband, whom her death left a widower in 1828. The date of the first of Mrs. Norton's letters in this volume is fourteen years later. This friendship must have been the prize of Melbourne's social life. No one within our knowledge ever possessed such gifts and graces in familiar writing as Mrs. Norton; and we would venture to place her "Letter to the Queen," upon the wrongs she suffered in consequence of her friendship for Lord Melbourne, as high in the dignity of its style as any woman's work of this century. The letters in these papers are in her playful mood, and they are charming; but those who wish to know how that supremely gifted woman could write should get one of the rare copies of some of her complaints against the marriage law referring to her husband, from whom she felt she had received such cruel wrong. She long survived both her distinguished friend and her despised husband, and lived to make a second and a happier marriage.

Melbourne's last years would have been happier if death had more nearly found him still in harness. The last scene in this volume is that of Lord John Russell somewhat abruptly drawing down the curtain upon Melbourne's official life by informing him that in submitting to the Queen a list of the Ministry of 1846 his name was not included; and in the final sentence we have Melbourne bowing sad acknowledgments in saying that "frequent accesses of illness" made this exclusion a right and kind judgment.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

Appreciations. By Walter Pater. (Macmillan.)

To the essays here grouped under one cover their author has given a general title which, in the case of a writer accustomed as Mr. Pater is to employ words with a jealously scholastic regard to their exact signification, might mean simply estimates, favourable or otherwise—valuations, pricings—but which apparently is to be understood here as used in the popular sense that implies above all else admiration and sympathy. In this sense the title is happily chosen, and the reader who approaches this volume of "appreciations" in a spirit other than appreciative is not a person whose mental attitude can be recommended for imitation. It is noteworthy that in these studies, where the critical posture is invariably one of extreme modesty—the writer contentedly sitting at the feet of his Gamaliels and reverently transmitting to us the essence of their utterances with such elucidatory comment as he may think needful—it is noteworthy that by virtue of this very humility and apparent self-repression he attains to something like kinship and equality with the masters whom it is his ambition simply to understand and report. He says of Charles Lamb—and we may with equal truth say it of himself—

"To feel strongly the charm" of some poet, or essayist, or painter, "and then to interpret that charm, to convey it to others—he seeming to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministration, that of which for them he is really the creator—this is the way of his criticism."

There was a time when some of Mr. Pater's qualities of style almost threatened to crystallise into mannerisms; and even after such noble writing as was to be found, for instance, in the papers on Lionardo and Giorgione, he was capable of relapsing into the mere honeyed effeminacy that made readers with virile tastes turn away from *Florian Deleal* He and English literature are to be congratulated upon his having left all this behind him and chastened his style into something which, while for fastidiousness it is perhaps unparalleled, is also full of real, though very quiet, strength—strength that is not combative but prehensile, the strength of a steady grasp, never of a blow. Once only in these pages does he impress us at all unpleasantly as speaking with the falsetto of a school and the accent of an epoch; and that is in the paper on "Aesthetic Poetry," where, conformably to the matter under discussion, the manner seems in places somewhat fantastic—where, though the hand is the hand of Mr. Pater, the voice is—well, a mingling of the voices of two or three singers prominent in the latter-day choir.

The opening paper, on "Style"—in reality concerning itself rather with diction, or with artifices of prose composition, than with that abstract effect, that air and carriage, which the word "style" has almost insensibly come to stand for—is perhaps for this reason a little disappointing. Yet it is full of excellent touches, examples of Mr. Pater's gift of saying what is emphatically the right thing with unerring precision of phrase. Could the specific differences of two related words be better illustrated than in such a sentence as the following? "Blake, in the last century, is an instance of preponderating soul, embarrassed, at a loss, in an era of preponderating mind." Or what could be more salutary in a literary period like the present than this admonition? "It is good in the criticism of verse to look for those hard, logical, quasi-prosaic excellences which that, too, has or needs." But it is when we pass to the "Appreciations" properly so-called that we find Mr. Pater at his best. Could anything be finer than such a phrase as Wordsworth's "mountain atmosphere of mind"? or truer than the ascription to that poet of the power of

"conveying to the consciousness of the reader abstract and elementary impressions—silence, darkness, absolute motionlessness; or, again, the whole complex sentiment of a particular place, the abstract expression of desolation in the long white road, of peacefulness in a particular folding of the hills."

And what magic of expression when, with fine insight, he notes in Wordsworth

"the sudden passage from lowly thoughts and places to the majestic forms of philosophical imagination, the play of these forms over a world so different, enlarging so strangely the bounds of its humble churchyards, and breaking such a wild light on the graves of christened children."

Mr. Pater finds Coleridge's "chief offence" as a philosophical writer to lie in "an excess of seriousness," the want of "a certain shade of unconcern, the perfect manner of the eighteenth century." It is doubtful whether he does not for once exaggerate when he declares Coleridge to be the typical "flower of the *ennuyé*," the mouthpiece of the modern *Weltschmerz*, "more than Childe Harold, more than Werther, more than René himself." Dreamer as he was, Coleridge's eager interest not only in metaphysics and literature, but in such mundane matters as politics, together with his notorious activity as a personal propagandist, zealous to impress his views upon every man, woman, and child who came within reach of the irrepressible tongue, seem to place him at some distance from the Obermann family. Unlike that weary and dejected race, he was essentially an enthusiast, pursuing knowledge, as Hazlitt says of him, "with outstretched hands and winged speed." Up to the very last he was to Wordsworth "the Rapt One"; and his religious creed, whatever abstract value we may attach to it now, at least saved him from the philosophy of the school of despair.

I think Mr. Pater is at his very best—which is only another way of saying that he is wholly delightful—in the paper on Sir Thomas Browne, that strange great writer to whom, as his latest critic happily says, "the whole world was a museum." Perhaps the author of the *Hydriotaphia* has received no such entirely sympathetic, and at the same time discriminative, treatment as here. Mr. Pater really renders him for us, conveying to us the finest inflexions of his voice as if by some eclectic telephone, which dropped out the harsher notes but suffered no rich cadence to be lost in transmission. Once or twice he lets his own style be tinged for a moment with his author's. We feel this in such a clause as "a tardiness and reluctancy in the circumstances of dissolution." He is speaking of one, a friend of Sir Thomas Browne's, who, in the course of a lingering death, seemed sensibly to anticipate the hereafter; and though the image of life as a stream flowing into eternity's ocean is trite enough, what a novel and poetic turn Mr. Pater gives it! "The infinite future had invaded this life perceptibly to the senses, *like an ocean felt far inland up a tidal river.*"

The Shakspere studies are none the worse for being anything but ponderous, and are marked by the delicately luminous perception which shares with Mr. Pater's exquisite style the distinction of being his chief value as a writer. In "Richard II." he finds the leading *motif* to be "the irony of kingship—average human nature, flung with wonderfully pathetic effect into the vortex of great events." Though reverent enough, he is no prostrate idolator at the Stratford shrine; and it is refreshing to hear him speak of "the tiresome German superstition . . . which challenged us to a dogmatic faith in the plenary verbal inspiration of every one of Shakspere's clowns."

The faults of Mr. Pater's book are few and slight, but the fallen nature of a reviewer drives him to find one or two if he cannot invent them. Mr. Pater's vocabulary being really very rich and various, he does himself some injustice by letting a chance epithet, such as "blithe," get the upper hand. Then his religiously accurate and anti-popular use of certain words, such as "complexion" and "mortified," is, perhaps, academic to the

verge of pedantry. At all events it raises the question whether, since language is after all but a set of arbitrary symbols which the people have fashioned and have, therefore, some right to refashion, such correctness is worth purchasing at the price of strangeness, real or apparent. To touch upon a quite different matter, I think Mr. Pater lays himself open to animadversion when, in his interesting postscript, he derives even the more extreme developments of the romantic spirit from the desire of beauty plus the passion of curiosity. Surely it might, with at least equal plausibility, be argued that the very contrary is nearer the truth, as regards the latter of these two alleged constituents of romanticism. Is it not rather the absence of true curiosity—a deficient interest in the astonishing realities around us—that makes us go out of our way to invent the grotesque, the monstrous, the impossible, substituting the bizarre wardrobe of fancy for the infinitely wilder attire of fact?

But perhaps it is churlish to speak of anything but the charm and power of a volume so eminent in both, so rich in beauty, so wide in the circuit of its judgments—a volume which shows Mr Pater finally victorious over certain temptations to mere daintiness once jeopardising a noble grace of diction; and which must further consolidate its author's fame as one of the most catholic of living critics, and beyond rivalry the subtlest artist in contemporary English prose.

William Watson.

The Swedish Revolution under Gustavus Vasa. By P. W. Watson. (Sampson Low.)

After a long neglect, the study of Scandinavian history is apparently reviving among us. Within the last few years no less than four notable works dealing with various branches of this interesting subject have appeared in rapid succession. In 1886, Mr. Hjalmar Bojesen gave us a *History of Norway*; Mr. J. L. Stevens had, twelve months previously, retold the oft-told story of the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus; Mr. F. H. Bain has quite recently come forward as the champion of the great Gustavus's enigmatical daughter, Christina; and now Mr. P. W. Watson contributes a monograph relating to the establishment of the Vasa dynasty and the origin of modern Sweden.

It must be candidly confessed that, at the outset, one expects great things from Mr. Watson. In his preface he is careful to inform his readers that he has "browsed during several months among the libraries of Sweden"; that he has "spared no pains to get at everything written or printed, contemporary or subsequent, that might throw light on the subject"; that he has visited battle-fields, inspected picture galleries—in short, done all that a conscientious historian is expected to do. As, moreover, Mr. Watson's exhaustive bibliography insinuates that not a single document relating to his subject has escaped him, the unsuspecting reader is not unreasonably prepared for a scholarly and picturesque treatment of one of the most interesting and important epochs of Northern history. In point of fact, however, the book is nothing of the sort. The traces of a "'prentice hand" are manifest on every page of it, and the author's historical horizon is but too plainly bounded by the period he has chosen to write about.

To begin with, Mr. Watson cannot be congratulated on his style. "Disgruntled," as an equivalent for "disgusted," is not yet current on this side of the Atlantic; such phrases as "a person who had *loaned* him funds," jar upon English ears; and the facetiousness of the expression, "a mealy morsel," as applied to a political dispatch, is not immediately obvious. Christian II. was not, perhaps, an altogether idyllic character, but to nickname him "the gory monarch" is grotesque. And is Mr. Watson quite sure that the sovereign whose social and political views were, on the whole, far above his age, and who was capable of inspiring deep and lasting attachments, was really "as vile a monster as ever occupied a throne"? As to Mr. Watson's Swedish, it need only be said that an attentive and instructed reader of his pages will very soon be driven to the conclusion that his acquaintance with that singularly simple tongue is anything but profound. For how else explain the rendering of *storkyrka* by "great church" instead of "cathedral"; the frequent confusion of *Herredag*, an assembly of notables, with *Riksdag*, the states-general; or the gratuitous misstatement that the word *lydbiskopar*, "suffragans," means simply "people's bishops"? Then, too, his personal and local nomenclature is hopelessly perplexing and inconsistent. Thus, the King of Sweden is rightly Gustavus, not Gustaf, yet his Danish rival is Christiern instead of Christian. So, too, the celebrated Swedish province appears as "Dalarne," yet its inhabitants are not "Dalkarlarne," but "Dalesmen." Why not simply translate "Dalarne," "the Dales," instead of giving a Swedish name to the place and an English name to the people? This is the more desirable as the strange word *Dalarne* strikes the eye on almost every other page. Again, if the suffixed article is to be retained in *Dalarne*, why omit it in *Mälar*? Both should have it or neither. It is a further question, of course, whether Gustavus I. should be described as Gustavus Vasa at all. Surnames were not in general use in Sweden at the beginning of the sixteenth century; and it is beyond all doubt that Gustavus was known to his contemporaries as Gustaf Eriksson, never as Gustaf Vasa.

So far as his narrative is concerned, Mr. Watson is, generally speaking, satisfactory, though he does occasionally make mistakes which are quite inexcusable in one who professes to have thoroughly explored the sources of his subject. For example, Christian II.'s election to the Swedish throne is represented as a solemn farce, yet it was the spontaneous act of the vast majority of the representatives of the Swedish nation. Again, Mr. Watson does not quite know whether "all the magnates of Sweden were summoned" to the Diet of Strengnäs which elected Gustavus king; yet any handbook of Swedish history would have told him that they were adequately represented on that occasion. He is equally doubtful whether Johannes Magni, the last Catholic Archbishop of Sweden, was really elected by the chapter of Upsala, though it is no secret to everyone else that he was so elected at the end of August, 1523. The convention which met at Vesteraas in the beginning of May, 1525, to assist Gustavus against the Dalesmen was not a "general diet," as Mr. Watson supposes, but an assembly of notables; or does he, perhaps, confound it with the diet which met at the same place two years later, and which he tells us was held at Vesteraas so as to be nearer the Dalesmen, when, in point of fact, it went there to be more out of their way?

But, after all, Mr. Watson's critics will be more inclined to quarrel with his conclusions than with his facts; for it is very evident that he has quite mistaken the character of his hero and the real significance of his reign. Mr. Watson's book would certainly leave the impression on the mind of the ordinary reader that Gustavus was little better than a crafty, hypocritical adventurer, not without some sparks of genius and courage perhaps, but perpetually scheming for his own aggrandisement, bullying where he could, and cringing where he dare not bully—in fact, little better than the "gory monarch" whom he superseded. Indeed, Mr. Watson in one place says so in as many words:

"The people having expelled one tyrant, chose another." "It is hard, therefore," he proceeds, "to repress the wish that Gustavus Vasa had been allowed at the Diet of Vesteraas to lay aside the crown, and that in his place a leader had been chosen to carry on the good work on the lines already drawn."

Here a captious critic might pertinently ask: on what lines, where all was chaos; and with what other leader, when Sweden was so destitute of native talent that the king had to fill his council with the first intelligent foreigners who came to hand? But let that pass. Suppose that Gustavus had actually laid down his crown on that occasion—what would then have happened? In the unanimous opinion of all Swedish historians, complete disintegration, a lapse into semi-barbarism. For the two previous centuries, the struggles of personal and provincial interests had well nigh extinguished in Sweden the very idea of a commonwealth. A strong government was, at that moment, the only possible safeguard of her territorial integrity and national independence, and a patriotic despot with a firm hand and a clear head the only man capable of establishing such a government. It is the especial glory of Gustavus I. that he grasped this idea from the very first, and never let it go. To have resigned the crown at such a crisis would have been not a virtue but a crime. Never did a man more thoroughly deserve the title of "Father of the Fatherland." Every hour of a long and laborious manhood was exclusively devoted to his country's service, and the Sweden of to day still rests securely on the foundation laid by him 350 years ago.

But Mr. Watson insists that "of all nations on the face of the globe, none are so fitted for a republican form of government as the Swedes." If this be so, it can only be said that they have a singularly perverse way of showing it. If history is to be believed, there never was a nation so devoted to its kings. Even the appalling calamities of the reign of Charles XII. were powerless to shake the preference of the Swedes for the monarchical

form of government; and the most popular act of their most popular king, Gustavus III., was the *coup d'état* whereby he put an end to the purely parliamentary *régime* which had abased the dignity and well-nigh obliterated the power of the crown for more than half a century.

In taking leave of Mr. Watson, it is only fair to recognise that his work, despite many defects, is not without some merit. As a rule, he tells his story in a clear, intelligible way; he is transparently anxious to do justice to all parties; his description of the Reformation in Sweden, so far as it goes, is substantially accurate; and, though evidently leaning to the Protestant side, he is very seldom unfair to the Catholics. Finally, and this, perhaps, is its chief recommendation, the book is the first serious attempt in English to deal with the early political career of one of Europe's greatest men.

R. Nisbet Bain.

Egypt as a Winter Resort. By F. M. Sandwith. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

This is emphatically one of the best books that have been written about Egypt. Dr. Sandwith is thoroughly acquainted with the country and its climate, and his medical experience enables him to speak with authority as to its influence upon the health. To invalids, as well as to the larger class of tourists who wish to avoid the fogs and cold of a northern winter, his little book will be invaluable.

It is brimful of information on all the subjects which the visitor to Egypt most wishes to know about, and for which he is likely to look elsewhere in vain. The information has been brought up to date, though things move so rapidly in Egypt nowadays that one or two of Dr. Sandwith's statements already need modification. Both the hotels at Luxor now belong to Messrs. Cook, and a Greek hotel has been started at Assuan. Whether, however, the ordinary tourist would care to lodge in the latter I cannot tell.

The meteorological facts collected by Dr. Sandwith are extremely interesting, and go to show that the common opinion is incorrect which ascribes an increasing amount of rainfall at Cairo to the creation of the Freshwater Canal and the planting of trees in and about the city. What he has to say about the drainage of Cairo, moreover, will be reassuring to many. He does not confine himself to such topics, however, but even gives the reader succinct but complete information about hotels, steamers, railways, clothing, sport, and recreations, as well as about the botany, geology, and zoology of the valley of the Nile, while Mr. Petrie has furnished him with an account of the most recent archaeological discoveries that have been made in Egypt. In short, the book is a perfect *vade mecum* for the visitor to Cairo.

I ought not to dispute a medical man's statement in regard to disease; nevertheless my own personal experience, like that of Prof. Wiedemann, might encourage him to pronounce a more decided opinion as to the beneficial effects of the Egyptian climate upon a tendency to haemorrhage of the lungs. As regards its effects upon other forms of disease, Dr. Sandwith's enthusiastic language is certainly not exaggerated. To exchange the chilly gloom of a northern winter for a country where the patient can enjoy twelve hours of daylight and eleven of sunlight, where rain is practically unknown, and where the air of the desert is the most invigorating in the world, ought of itself to be more efficacious than the most sedulous medical attention among the comforts of home. I have tried every winter climate in the Mediterranean except that of the Cyrenaica, and only in Upper Egypt have I found one that approaches perfection. It is, perhaps, a pity that those who have learnt to appreciate it cannot keep it to themselves.

A. H. Sayce.

NEW NOVELS.

Nero. From the German of Ernst Eckstein. By Clara Bell and Mary J. Safford. In 2 vols. (New York: Gottsberger; London: Trübner.)

A Life's Remorse. By the Author of "Molly Bawn." In 3 vols. (White.)

George Vyvian. By E. Katharine Bates. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Dodo and I. By Capt. A. Haggard. (Blackwood.)

A Charge from the Grave. By Somerville Gibney. (Ward & Downey.)

A Silent Combat. By Miles Farrant. (Sonnenschein.)

Gerald Ffrench's Friends. By G. H. Jessop. (Longmans.)

Dorothy Arden. By J. M. Callwell. (Nelson.)

Not only readers with a taste for classical literature and history, but all lovers of fiction, ought to welcome and enjoy the story of *Nero*, translated from the German of Dr. Ernst Eckstein by Clara Bell and Mary J. Safford. The action of the novel includes the traditional story of Nero's early infatuation for the Christian freedwoman, Acte, together with accounts, tolerably in accordance with historic narrative, of the intrigues of Agrippina, the melancholy marriage and fate of the hapless Octavia, the burning of Rome, and the horrible vengeance taken on the Christians for their alleged complicity in the work; while the infamous Tigellinus and Poppaea Sabina occupy prominent positions throughout. That the author has scarcely succeeded in depicting Nero as an odious monster of cruelty, so much as a victim of silly vanity and the tool of unscrupulous advisers, is, perhaps, owing to the exigencies of the story, which require that events chronologically far separated should be compressed into an apparently brief period. On the other hand, he has given us a highly interesting picture of Roman life, and has embellished it with details which betoken the possession of fertile inventiveness no less than of wide scholarship. A word is needed with regard to the "getting up" of the book. Carelessness in revision of proofs is evinced by numerous slips of orthography, especially in proper names—*e.g.*, Via Cyprius, L. Annaeas Seneca, Artemidorous, Polyhyminius, Caeser, &c. And the whole of the sheets properly belonging to vol. ii. are, with one exception, bound up in the cover marked vol. i., and *vice versa*. This is a most unfortunate blunder. It is to be hoped the mistake does not prevail through the entire edition.

The author of *Molly Bawn* has been long enough before the public to have earned a reputation for writing exceedingly agreeable, if not particularly high class, fiction. She can narrate a moving tale of the loves of brave-hearted men and charming women without introduction of impurities on the one hand, or supernatural absurdities on the other; which is more than can be said for a large number of the novelists, whether male or female, of the present day. It is a disappointment, therefore, to find that her latest novel, *A Life's Remorse*, though not offending in either of the ways indicated above, is scarcely as pleasant reading as previous performances. The plot is simple and harmless enough. Mr. Crawford, a man of wealth and position, has the misfortune in early life to become the murderer—partly in self-defence, and wholly without intention—of an elderly man, whose daughter he meets long afterwards; and, ignorant of the relationship she had borne to his victim, he seeks to make her his wife. The shock resulting from his discovery of her parentage, coming after many years of painful remorse, drives him to commit suicide; and his intended bride marries a man more suited to her years and taste. Hitherto, this author has been remarkable not only for piquancy of dialogue, but for a brilliancy in descriptions of natural scenery, which, though often erring on the side of extravagance and poetic *abandon*, has always charmed by its evident sincerity. In the book before us, her whole efforts seem to be concentrated on the dialogues, with a not altogether pleasing result. People of high social position openly quarrel and wrangle with each other throughout the book; and the amount of venomous repartee that flies about, together with the perpetual sparring of lovers, is most uncomfortable. Has the writer suddenly turned cynic?

In the confessed absence of ability on the part of the present reviewer to grapple with the transcendental problems contained in *George Vyvian*, or to pass an unbiassed judgment upon them, it must suffice here to give merely a brief outline of the plot. In part 1 of that work we have a spendthrift heir, George Vyvian, who, in the early years of the present century, retrieves his fortunes by marrying an heiress. He has lately seduced a girl named Daisy Butler; and, to conceal her shame, persuades Joseph Penrath, his foster-brother and valet, to marry her, without mentioning to him, however, the discreditable circumstances of the case. With Daisy's death in childbed, after full confession to her husband, and the suicide of Joseph, after invoking bitter curses on the man who has deceived him, we reach the end of part 1. Fifty years then elapse, and in part 2 we find the above *dramatis personae* now removed from the "earth-plane," and inhabiting the spirit-land, named Ares, wherein emancipated souls attain more or less of purification and progressive development. To those, however, whose earthly career has left much to be desired from the moral point of view, and also to certain others whose presence again in the flesh may have beneficial effects upon

the weaker brethren, a revisit to earth is appointed; and thus we find that, for one reason or the other, nearly all our old friends are decreed a return passage to this vale of tears. Of these, Joseph Penruth and George Vyvian are singled out to occupy positions the reverse of those they held in their first estate, Joseph being now the superior and George the dependent, in order that Joseph may still further purify his soul by foregoing the vengeance for past wrongs he will now be able to wreak upon his helpless inferior. How the luckless Joseph, when restored to manhood, proves unequal to the occasion, and how his enormous mistake is revealed to him through the turning of a drawing-room table, the utterances of a female spirit-medium, and a deathbed apparition, must be left to the reader to discover for himself. The story is "dedicated with deep sympathy to all those who have suffered in the search for truth," but is hardly amenable to common-sense criticism.

Scarcely better entitled to favourable notice than the foregoing work is *Dodo and I.* This is a tale of an English officer's career in Egypt and the Soudan from Tamai to Khartoum. The purely military details are graphically and even thrillingly described; nor indeed, in point of mere literary merit and general capacity for arousing and chaining attention, can any objection be urged against Captain Haggard's book. But there is a free-and-easy tone of morality maintained throughout, which, whatever measure of acceptance it may meet with in the barrack-room, inevitably invites condemnation when finding expression in literature intended for "the general." Captain David Cuninghame, the leading character, has an intrigue with an Oriental, named Zuleikha, belonging to a harem in Cairo, while at the same time maintaining a friendship rather more than platonic for Lady Aidée Featherston, who is living apart from her husband, a wicked baronet. Both these ladies are members of the "Gnostic Atomic Brotherhood," and are consequently in possession of the remarkable faculty of "disintegration and reintegration"—processes by which the soul can separate itself from the body and wander through space compelling the body to rejoin it at any given, destination. As these processes can be worked by one "human" upon another, Zuleikha makes use of her power to transport her rival, as she supposes, to the bottom of a Siberian mine; but, through an awkward flaw in the conditions, transports her in reality to a London dining-room where Captain Cuninghame is seated at table. The sequel, where Zuleikha comes to England and endeavours to ruin Lady Aidé by means of a forged letter, seems a rather clumsy device on the author's part, seeing that the jealous mistress might by means of the disintegrating process have surprised her rival at almost any hour of the day or night and murdered her, as she would gladly have done, without the smallest chance of detection

Mr. Somerville Gibney is another who has recourse to the device now become so wearisome of calling upon supernatural appearances to aid in the development of his plot. In the present case this is the more to be regretted, as *A Charge from the Grave* shows the hand of a decidedly skilful writer, who might well afford to dispense with such contrivances. Howard Adair, the hero, is concerned in clearing from suspicion the memory of his dead father, who, twenty years before, had been dismissed from a secretaryship owing to the unexplained disappearance of a valuable necklace. The events leading to the discovery of the real thief are described with much dramatic power; and there seems no reason at all for the introduction of a mysterious shadow, which attaches itself now to one and now to another of the persons who, remotely or otherwise, are connected with the circumstances of the robbery.

In spite of much stirring description and clever, though rather profound, dialogue, it is scarcely likely that *A Silent Combat* will be pronounced a satisfactory book by the public. The author has committed the offence, unpardonable in the eyes of a novel reader, of never bringing his love-story to an end at all. The main interest is derived from exhibitions of mesmeric phenomena. Captain Grant, who tells the narrative in the first person, falls half in love with a pretty widow, Mrs. Henry, who, being under the dominion of the superior will of a Russian travelling under the name of Captain Krakoff, is compelled by the latter to visit the tables at Monte Carlo and play there for dangerously high stakes in his behalf. By a superior exercise of will Captain Grant defeats Krakoff's purpose; and the tale ends with the departure of Mrs. Henry rather unceremoniously from Monaco, and a foreboding on the part of Captain Grant that he has not yet seen the last of his rival. This is certainly a little disappointing.

Gerald Ffrench's Friends is the work of a journalist employed several years ago upon the Pacific Coast of North America, and consists of half a dozen lively stories—some humorous, some pathetic—illustrative of various types of Irish character in the Far West. These stories have already appeared in the columns of American magazines. They are thoroughly enjoyable reading, but call for no further remark.

Dorothy Arden, a story of England and France two hundred years ago, contains the adventures of two Huguenot children, who escape from French persecution and find their way to England, where their uncle, Sir Henry Arden, gives them a home. The latter half of the book is concerned with incidents of Monmouth's rebellion. It is a pretty tale, and well suited for young people.

J. Barrow Allen.

GIFT BOOKS.

In Thoughtland and Dreamland. By Elsa D'Esterre Keeling. (Fisher Unwin.) Half-overwhelmed, as we are, by the flood-tide of stories of adventure which has set steadily in since *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines* gave the impulse, it is not a very difficult task to choose a gift-book for boys. Nor would he greatly err who assumes that most girls like the same books as most boys. But yet there must exist, if we could be sure of defining it, a class of literature which is not only written for girls, but which girls like best. Of such are Maria Edgeworth's tales, *Mrs. Leicester's School*, and the whole series by Mrs. Molesworth. To this class also, we venture to affirm, belongs this new volume by Miss Keeling, whose previous works we do not happen to have seen. The title is somewhat fanciful, and not easy to bear in mind when ordering the book. But the arrangement, the mode of treatment, the style, are a little fanciful too. Here, indeed, lies the fascination, when one has penetrated far enough to fall under it. For the author is an impressionist with the pen, and has jotted down, with a few bright touches, a number of incidents, episodes—impressions, in short—which have occurred to her in the course of a full life. The method seems so easy that we hope it will not find rash imitators. But, in truth, the faculty of selection—the knowledge of what to omit—is as rare in writing as it is in painting. And Miss Keeling has succeeded, and not failed, precisely because her sight is keen enough to enable her to discern real outlines behind the cloak of convention. She has felt in her own heart the pathos of life—and of girl-life in particular, whether in a High School, or in the "slavey" of a London lodging, or in the wild product of an Irish bog; and she has tuned her voice to a harmony that compels her readers to sympathise. Let her speak about her own Ireland:

"They gave us their language, and we moulded it to our use. They had some pretty words which we took gladly and say often—that little word 'Ah!' for one. Hear how our women use it, how they put laughter and tears into it, how full of surprise they can make it. Who can resist their 'Ah, do!' 'Ah, don't,' their 'Ah, will ye?' 'Ah, won't ye?' . . .

"They have in their language a sweet word, 'darling.' We took it and made it sweeter, turning it into 'darlint.' Compare these two words but a minute. 'Darling' goes down your throat like bread and butter; 'darlint' leaves your lips like a kiss. . . .

"Know they what we whisper to our little babies when we want them to walk alone?—'Loney proudy!'"

Would not Thackeray, would not Charles Kingsley, have welcomed such a true note as this? And must not the "friends at Lytham House," to whom the volume is dedicated, be happy in such a teacher?

The Splendid Spur. By Q. (Cassell.) That clever young writer, who is still content to be known by the initial of one of his Christian names—though his full style is revealed among the "noms de plume" in the new issue of *Hazell's Annual*—excites our interest by his versatility. His first venture, *Dead Man's Rock*, was manifestly conceived under the inspiration of *Treasure Island.* His second, *Troy Town*, was the most successful imitation of the boisterous fun of Dickens that we have met with in recent years. On the present occasion, he gives us an historical narrative in the first person, which does not indeed possess the sustained strength of *Micah Clarke*, but which yet contains some characters and some episodes of which neither Mr. Stevenson nor the author of *Mehalah* would need to feel ashamed. He should not, however, have committed the anachronism of providing "a servant of King Charles I." with *guineas.* The opening scene is excellent, though the two villains there introduced become less interesting when we get to know them better. Excellent also is the whole of the chapter entitled "The Flight in the Pinewood"; but we do not find ourselves greatly stirred by the incidents that follow until we reach the death of Joan. Perhaps another book may undeceive us; but at present we are inclined to think that the author's *forte* lies rather in pathos and humour, than in passion, or fighting, or intrigue. His style is already distinguished by self-control, simplicity of diction, and command of (West country) dialect—no mean qualifications for an imaginative writer. We feel confident that, when he has

fully proved his armour, he will give us a better book than he has yet done; for he has the right stuff in him, and he seems determined not to over-write himself.

Sylvie and Bruno. By Lewis Carroll. With forty-six Illustrations by Harry Furniss. (Macmillan.) What are we to say about this new book by "Lewis Carroll"? No critic who calls to mind the innocent delight which *Alice* has given to tens of thousands of both young and old will take pleasure in speaking unkindly of its author. But Ah, the pity of it! It is not always granted, even to a man of genius, to repeat his original success after the lapse of a quarter of a century. Whether it be due to the strange method of composition disclosed in the preface, or to the effort of working an exhausted vein, or to the change of temperament in advancing years, it must be sorrowfully confessed that, as a whole, *Sylvie and Bruno* is a failure. Not that Sylvie and Bruno themselves are not worthy of kinship with their immortal elder sister, or that some of their doings and adventures are not told with all the old humour and charm. But the setting of the story, the humans that are introduced, their preachings and their love-entanglements, are, in our opinion, positively intolerable; nor is the book any the better for being twice the length of its predecessors. If possible, we should suggest the following course, at any rate to one who proposes to read outloud to a juvenile audience. Let him begin at the top of p. 190 and go on continuously to p. 221—this, it is pleasant to know, was the germ of the story; then let him begin again from p. 226 to p. 234, and, after skipping some more pages—but *not* the "Song of the Three Badgers"—read the whole of chapters xx. and xxiv., and there stop, for he will never find Sylvie or Bruno again. Perhaps he may then feel encouraged to begin at the beginning; but we can assure him that he will become weary and puzzled long before he reaches the end. The task of getting on will be not a little lightened by the pencil of Harry Furniss, who has proved himself a not unworthy successor to John Tenniel. His gardener, his professor, and his animals are firstrate; and his children are always charming, even when they have to wear black stockings.

Mr. L. B. Seeley, in his volume of *Fanny Burney and her Friends* (Seeley), has rendered to another distinguished character of the last century the good offices which a few years ago he bestowed on Horace Walpole. Taking her diary and letters as the basis of his work, and extracting from these volumes many of their most descriptive passages, he has put together an entertaining record of Mdme. d'Arblay's life. Her father's house in St. Martin's Street was the resort of all the illustrious personages of the day in art and literature, and by her own fame she became acquainted with even a wider circle of notable friends. From the society of Johnson and Garrick, and from happy days spent with her recluse friend, Crisp, at Chessington, she passed to the company of Mrs. Delany and to court days at Windsor. She was a keen student of character, and was able to draw to the life the admirers that fluttered around her in London or in Mrs. Thrale's house at Streatham. In such scenes as these she met, and has perpetuated for us the memory of, many eccentric creatures, whose characteristics Mr. Seeley has wisely reproduced for our amusement. It is somewhat curious that Fanny Burney, after having interrupted her friendship with Mrs. Thrale on account of the marriage with Piozzi, should have herself fallen under the censure of her friends for her union with d'Arblay—a foreigner, and one not over well endowed with this world's goods. Numerous extracts are given showing the dulness of court life when George III. was king, and there follow many pathetic passages on the queen's mental agony when he was seized by madness. Many years later Mdme. d'Arblay had the good fortune to witness a reception and review by Bonaparte when he was first consul, and the description of his demeanour furnishes a striking contrast of English and French manners in palaces. She met Sir Thomas Lawrence when a boy absorbed in painting, was introduced to Mrs. Siddons, worshipped Warren Hastings, and appreciated the complacency of Raikes who made Sunday schools fashionable; and of all of these there are vivid descriptions. The charm of the volume is heightened by nine illustrations of some of the masterpieces of English art, and it would not be possible to find a more captivating present for anyone beginning to appreciate the characters of the last century. But why does Mr. Seeley so often repeat that invention of Miss Burney, the forbidding word "Cerbera"?

One of the 28th: a Story of Waterloo. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie.) This curiously constructed tale is partly concerned with the adventures of a certain Ralph Conway, who gets carried off, while only a boy of fifteen, by a French privateer to the West Indies, is rescued by an English man-of-war, returns home, and subsequently obtains a commission and loses his arm at Waterloo. This main story, which is illustrated with a couple of maps, is complicated with another in which Ralph Conway's mother plays the principal part. Mr. Henty in his preface invites his boy readers to admire Mrs. Conway's "heroism"; but, although the exploit ascribed to her no doubt displays plenty of courage and ingenuity, its moral quality is scarcely to be regarded with enthusiastic approval. What she does is to disguise herself as a housemaid, in order to gain possession of a will which has been fraudulently concealed, and which, when recovered, places her son in possession of a fortune. The book, like all Mr. Henty's tales, is written with spirit, and is certainly not wanting in interest; but, as to Mrs. Conway's conduct, we fancy the judgment of most boys will be, "Not wrong, perhaps, but I am glad she wasn't *my* mother."

Harry Wilde: a Tale of the Brine and the Breeze. By Gordon Stables. (S.P.C.K.) The readers of Dr. Gordon Stables's former stories will know what they may expect from him—stirring descriptions of nautical adventure written with genuine knowledge of sailor life and character. This time his personages go cruising after Arab slave-dhows on the East African coast. The descriptions of scenery are particularly good.

The Fortune of the Quittentuns. By R. D. Chetwode. (Biggs & Debenham.) Mr. Rider Haggard has inspired this tale of the finding of an amazing treasure near the sources of the Amazon; but what the schoolboy would regard as the padding of King Solomon's mines has all been left out, and the story told with as little waste of time as possible. The description of the journey over the marsh and through the old silver mines of the Peruvian mountains is ingenious and spirited, and worthy of Mr. Haggard himself. Boys will find the book exactly to their taste. The illustrations are good.

Night and Morning. A Collection of Extracts, &c., by John W. Mollett. (Gilbert & Rivington.) This exquisite little book, which bears also for an alternative title, "Carmen Macaronicum," sets forth its claim to attention in the printers' advertisement as "a unique and choice gift-book." It is not always that the interested eulogies of publishers and printers are justified by their wares, but in this case the claim must be said to be abundantly substantiated. The book is indeed both unique and choice, its dainty externals of limp calf and gilt edges serving as the appropriately beautiful casquet of literary gems—not all of the first water it is true, but all deserving collection and attention. The extracts are drawn from the literature of various ages and languages; but the original is accompanied in most cases by a rhymed translation, oftentimes of great beauty and felicity. The author promises a larger selection if this instalment is favourably received. We hope he may find sufficient encouragement to keep his promise.

The Rectory Children. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. (Macmillan.) It must now, we suppose, be more than a dozen years since this author and this artist first conspired to add a new pleasure to the schoolroom and the nursery. If we cannot admit that the present volume is quite up to the early standard of *Carrots* or *Herr Baby*, it is at least better, in our judgment, than those later volumes into which Mrs. Molesworth introduced the taint of the supernatural. Her children, whether good or naughty, are as charming as ever; and their mother, as usual, is not altogether perfect. We have known happier illustrations from Mr. Crane's pencil.

Three Little Maids. By Mary Bathurst Deane. (Walter Smith & Innes.) These three little maids are all very nice; and it makes one feel that High Schools are useless and fathers and mothers superfluous luxuries, when such pleasant characters can be grown without any of them. A country house with a good garden, and a wall broad enough at top to dance upon, a governess who neglects her duties, and a nurse who has ridiculous notions as to what is "genteel," appear to be all that is necessary for the development of nice little girls into nice little ladies. On the other hand we have the Hoopers, who have the usual complement of parents, and are pretentious and greedy notwithstanding. One of them is really so bad that she deserves to come to the worst of possible ends, unless she improves very much in the next volume. That is the worst of this story—there is no next volume. After following our friends through all sorts of pleasant adventures, and wondering what is going to become of them when they grow up, down drops the curtain. Perhaps it is as well, for we should not like anything unpleasant to happen to Rosalind and Marjory, nor even to little Ida; and it is good, perhaps, to be able to hope in a better future for Letitia the faithless and Selina the glutton. Suppose that when the father and stepmother of the three little maids come home from India, with a tribe of little half-brothers and sisters, they are not so happy as they were with the Miss Grobys and the Tarletons, and the Carbanels; suppose they never find anyone so kind to them as old Captain Barley. Such changes do happen; and if they happened in this case we are glad not to know it, for we are fond of the three little maids.

Annabel. By M. E. Burton. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) Annabel's troubles will interest all sorts and conditions of readers. Stories of brave endurance on the part of children in the power of foolish or cruel guardians are apt to be overdrawn, and to leave us with disagreeable impressions; but Annabel's uncle has some excuse for his unpleasant eccentricities, and his niece does not suffer in vain. There is considerable originality shown in the portrayal of character, and the incidents are well managed and arranged. The illustrations are unusually careful and artistic.

Cousin Geoffrey and I. By Caroline Austin. (Blackie.) The author of this book has a happy

knack of interesting young people. The character of Mabel Grey, the heroine, is both natural and pleasing; and the story of her early struggles is well told. The Brown family and their vulgar noisy home are described with some humour; and Joe Peters, the good-natured horse breaker, is original.

Her Own Way: or, Kitty's Promise. By Frances Armstrong. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) The wilful girl who refuses to appreciate the kind stepmother is a well-known character of fiction, whose adventures can always be followed with interest when they are related simply and naturally. *Her Own Way* has no originality either of plot or character; but it is a thoroughly wholesome narrative, agreeably and cleverly written, and none the worse for being a variation of a familiar and popular theme. Girls will read it with enjoyment.

Some Other People. By Alice Weber. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) This is a really delightful story, with the most natural children in the world, who do the most natural things, and talk in the most natural way. The illustrations are very soft, pretty, and well executed.

No. 3 Winifred Place. By Agnes Giberne. (Nisbet.) A pretty and well-written story for girls, which we could praise unreservedly but for what appears to us an overstrained tone of religious sentiment.

In the Time of the Cherry Viewing. By Margaret Peale. (Putnam's.) From this little tale we learn, for the first time, of the enormous social gulf between a commercial traveller who goes to Japan from a Chicago house to arrange for consignments of modern Japanese manufactures, and another who goes to buy "curios" for the New York market. The course of true love was near being checked for ever by a little misunderstanding on the subject. Katharine thought Mr. Gary was a traveller from Chicago, but fell in love with him notwithstanding, so that when the real delicious truth comes out she yields her "ungloved right hand" to the genuine New Yorker "with a sigh of supremest content." The whole of this little story is written in a spirit of light, bright banter, and is effective in its small way; but the heroine is scarcely such "good form" as the little volume itself, which is very neat.

Two Runaways, and Other Stories. By Harry Stillwell Edwards. (New York: The Century Co.) We are told in the preface that these stories have already appeared in the *Century* and *Harper's*. The author understands and sympathises with the negro. The marked characteristics of the African race are forcibly portrayed. Perhaps Mr. Edwards is more happy in his pathos than in his humour. In his efforts to be amusing he sometimes becomes stilted and unnatural. "Ole Miss and Sweetheart" is especially well told; and the peculiar tenderness and fidelity of the old "mammy" for her former mistress and friend must awaken many recollections to those who have lived among this singularly faithful people. The following is a description of a mother's parting with her child, told by the old negress:

"En so at las' she tuk de littl' face in 'er han's en called 'er 'Sweetheart.' But dere ain' no word cum back. En so she said ergin sof' like 'Sweetheart,' en still no word. Den she said—en I heah de wurds—en moan in dat still room like hit voz yestiddy: 'Sweetheart,' mamma's cum ter tell you good night—good night en good bye. You es goin' up ter God, my baby, ter Christ, ter sleep in es arms not mine. I'm goin' ter miss yer, baby, but yer wont miss me, for He is tend'r—oh, yes, He is tend'r, littl' one; en papa is dere ter meet er, too. Don't you git erfear'd uv de dark, sweetheart. You wont be by yo'se'f. Mammy will hol' wun han' tell Jesus teks de yuther . . . . she kep' on er sayin' good bye, sof' like tell I could'n' heah et, fur she dun got cl'ar down wid' er cheek ergin de baby."

"De Valley an' de Shadder" is written in a more tragic vein, though it gives some quaint specimens of plantation songs. There is power in the book, and the illustrations are excellent.

Holding On. By F. C. Hopkins. (Nelson.) The scene of this story is laid in America, and much therefore will strike the English reader as unfamiliar. The hero — Wynt — though heir to a large property, becomes, on a scruple of conscience, an assistant in a shop. All comes right in the end, but we cannot say we feel much sympathy for young Wynt. No one can, of course, be too good, but there is danger of thinking oneself too good. The author entitles his book a tale for boys, but we doubt whether Wynthrop Thorpe will be a favourite with them. "Hold on, and hold on tighter, for ever, the harder things pull" (p. 296) is a good text, but we cannot say so much for the sermon.

In a Strange Land. By Ursula. (Parker.) This is a child's fairy-dream story. It is not very skilfully constructed, nor particularly well-told, but possesses enough interest to attract children. The illustrations are unusually stiff and crude.

Matthew Caffin. By Florence Gregg. (Sonnenschein.) A small historical tale for the young, the hero of which is the Sussex farmer's son who became a leading Baptist; but there is more history than story.

The Kelpies' Fiddle-Bow. From the German. Illustrated by E. L. Shute. (Marcus Ward.) One of the would-be funny, would-be pathetic fairy-tale sort, the points of which would be mostly unintelligible to children, and do not really amuse their elders. By way of aggravation, it is printed in sham old-English, which is neither old nor new, but illegible; the more so as there are running patterns, sprawling over the pages. The illustrations, in two tints of sepia, are pretty.

A Apple Pie. Illustrated by A. Chasemore. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) An excellent-coloured frontispiece, and well-executed drawings of our old friend the Apple Pie "ABC."

How Sandy learned the Creed (S.P.C.K.) contains, in the form of a story, with conversations, a complete explanation of the document which forms the foundation of Christian belief. There are several characters fairly well drawn, a couple of conversions, and a death in the odour of sanctity. Teachers who are often puzzled for clear language in which to explain certain difficult points to young minds will find this book useful. We especially note the part referring to that important clause, the rendering into English of which has caused so much misunderstanding—"He descended into hell," perhaps the most unfortunate translation ever made, as every clergyman well knows. We like also what is said on the "Catholic Church" and the "Communion of Saints"; but the explanation of the "Resurrection of the Body"—a most delicate subject—is given in the crudest form.

The Church Monthly. (The *Church Monthly* Office.) The bound numbers of this periodical make up a handsome and interesting volume of unusual merit both as to letterpress and illustrations. As its title suggests, the magazine has a didactic object, but this is not as a rule needlessly obtruded or unduly strained. The book is to be commended for its two-fold objects of religious usefulness and entertaining matter.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. Browning died at Venice, in the Palazzo which his son lately acquired, on Thursday, December 12. As his body cannot be laid by the side of his wife in the old cemetery at Florence, his son has accepted the offer of Dean Bradley, supported by the most eminent names in contemporary literature, that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey. It is understood that the funeral will take place about the middle of next week.

We are authorised to state that Prof. Sayce has withdrawn his name altogether from the Society of Biblical Archaeology, for which he has long acted as secretary for foreign correspondence.

Mr. J. T. Nettleship sent to the printers some little while ago a new edition of his *Essays on Robert Browning's Poetry*, published in 1868, and now out of print, which was, we believe, the first volume devoted to a serious study of the poet. The new edition is revised throughout, and has been enlarged to double its original size by essays on the poems that have appeared since its publication. It will be issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews, of Vigo Street, in February next. There will be a limited number of large-paper copies.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish with the new year a *Library Reference Atlas of the World*, by Mr. John Bartholomew, containing eighty-four maps, with an index to about 100,000 places.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish immediately *The Diary of the Parnell Commission*, being the series of descriptive articles contributed from day to day to the *Daily News* by Mr. John Macdonald, revised by him for the present work.

Mr. John Hogg has in the press a new edition, in one volume, of H. A. Page's *Thomas de Quincey:* his Life and Writings, with unpublished Correspondence. This edition will furnish new matter, and will be in great part rewritten, Mr. Page having once more, with de Quincey's family, gone over papers and letters hitherto unexamined. The volume will include portraits of De Quincey, Prof. Wilson, and Sir William Hamilton, from originals in possession of Mr. John Hogg.

Messrs. F. V. White & Co. will publish next month the following novels: *An Unruly Spirit*, by Mrs. Aylmer Gowing; *On the Children*, by Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cunlip)—both in three volumes; and *Miss Mephistopheles*, by Fergus Hume, in one volume.

Whispers from Fairy Land is the title of a new volume of stories by Miss Winifred Radcliffe announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A story of the time of the Star Chamber by Miss Cunliffe, entitled *Dead and Buried*, will be published shortly by Messrs. Gilbert & Rivington.

Messrs. Groombridge & Sons announce a new edition, revised and brought down to date, of *British War Medals and how they were won*, by Mr. Thomas Carter. The work will be published in eight parts, each illustrated with three or four full-page facsimiles printed in colours, besides wood engravings.

Messrs. Melville, Mullen & Slade will shortly publish in book form a series of articles contributed to the *Melbourne Argus* by Mr. A. R. Pearson, entitled "A Search for Knowledge."

Messrs. Harrison & Sons will publish in a few days a treatise upon the scope and intent of Shakspere's "Macbeth," by Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, accompanied by critical remarks upon

its recent representation at the Lyceum, and upon the general interpretation of Shaksperian drama. An appropriate frontispiece has been drawn by Mr. Philip Harry Newman.

THE first volume of a new work by the Rev. P. Hay Hunter, author of "The Story of Daniel," entitled *After the Exile*, will be published immediately by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

THE first edition of Q.'s new book, *The Splendid Spur*, was exhausted within a few days of its publication. A second edition is now at press, and copies will be ready on Monday next.

MR. BEHRAMJI MALABARI—a Parsi journalist at Bombay, whose name is not unknown in England as a strenuous advocate of social reform among all classes of the Indian community—undertook several years ago to get translations made of Prof. Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures on *The Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by the Religions of India* into all the great vernacular languages of the country. This undertaking, which he has had to carry through mainly by his own energy and by his own money, is now at last accomplished, the translation into Hindi, by Munshi Jwala Prasada (of Faizabad, in Oudh) having just appeared.

ON Tuesday last, December 17, Mr. Arthur N. Butt gave a lecture at the Albert Institute, Windsor, on "Our First Printed Books," which was illustrated with Caxtons lent from the Royal Library and from the library of Eton College.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE latest addition to the ever-increasing number of new monthlies is to be called the *Review of Reviews*. As its title implies, it will not be a magazine itself, but will consist of descriptions (with short extracts) of the articles that have appeared in other magazines both in this country and abroad. The editor is Mr. W. T. Stead; and the first number is announced for publication early in January.

THE *National Review* for January will contain a review of Lord Tennyson's new volume, by Mr. Alfred Austin; and a paper on "Robert Browning," by Mr. H. D. Traill.

THE January number of the *North American Review* will contain a discussion between Mr. W. E. Gladstone and Mr. James G. Blaine on "Free Trade and Protection," in their bearing upon the development of American industry and commerce.

THE New Year's number of *Murray's Magazine* will contain the opening chapter of a novel by Mr. W. E. Norris, entitled "Marcia"; and also Mr. Barnum's Personal Reminiscences. In addition, Dr. Smiles will contribute an Historical Sketch of Authors and Publishers.

Among the contents of the forthcoming number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be a poem by Mr. Alfred Austin, entitled "Is Life Worth Living?"; and an attempt to supply a continuation to Ibsen's "The Doll's House," by Mr. Walter Besant.

THE January number of *Scribner's* will contain the following articles: "The French Exposition," by Mr. W. C. Brownwell, who incidentally points out some of the disadvantages which the Americans will have to face, as compared with the French, if they attempt an international exhibition for 1892; "The Beauty of Spanish Women," by Mr. Henry T. Finck; "Electricity in the Household," by Mr. A. E. Kennelly, Edison's chief electrician; and an illustrated description of the city of Tripoli, by Mr. A. F. Jacassy.

THE January number of the *Woman's World* will contain an article on Edna Lyall, illustrated with a portrait of the novelist and a sketch of the sitting-room at Eastbourne in which most of her works have been written.

IN the January number of *Belgravia*—which is now published by Messrs. F. V. White & Co.—two new novels will be commenced: "April's Lady," by the author of "Molly Bawn"; and "A Lover's Secret," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron.

A COMPLETE copyright novel of incident and adventure, by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, will be given away with Nos. 327 and 328 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, to be published on January 1 and 8 respectively; and in No. 328 will appear the first of a series of three short stories by Mr. W. Clark Russell.

BEGINNING with the January number, *Time* will henceforth be edited by Mr. E. Belfort Bax.

THE *Indian Magazine* for January will contain "Bombay Gardens, Old and New," by Mr. Justice Birdwood; "Irrigation Works in India," by Col. J. M. Heywood; a notice, by Mr. Charles Whibley, of Sir Alfred Lyall's "Verses written in India"; and the first of a series of papers on "Life in India," by Dr. Francis, late principal of the Calcutta Medical College.

A SERIES of articles on "The Newspaper World," by Mr. Alfred Baker, will be begun in the *Phonetic Journal* (Isaac Pitman & Sons) for January 4.

IN MEMORIAM.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SLOWLY we disarray,
Our leaves grow few,
Few on the bough, and many on the sod:
Round him no ruining autumn tempest blew,
Gathered on genial day,
He fills, fresh as Apollo's bay,
The Hand of God.

MICHAEL FIELD.

OBITUARY.

ROBERT BROWNING.

WHEN a great man full of years and honour passes from us, the memorial words of regret and sorrow are as often as not conventional. The more outspoken even of his admirers will say with truth: His work was done, he was tired of life, it was a happy release. But in the hearts of the many persons of all classes who knew Robert Browning there must awake at this moment a kindling regret which needs no words to fan it. Death has come between us and his spirit like a sudden cloud; and though we know that the radiance is behind it, we feel and see the darkness. It is no question now whether or no his mind had laid by its labour of love in this life, or whether greater work was in store. While he lived, his brain lived and burned; and his personality, had he never written another line, would, till however remote an end, have been a vivifying fact for all who had the privilege of seeing him face to face. And the spiritual effect of it had for some years gone on increasing, as though a new youth and a fresh outlook were growing into being through the visible fading of the flesh.

In this regard, it is matter for rejoicing that his later and latest published utterances were strongly tinged with the hues through which he himself saw his life, its aims, and its future. A certain prophetic calm in no way cloaks, but rather enhances, the glow of his thoughts on death; and in one of his latest poems those thoughts break into such a joy of song as might have sprung from the heart of a young man, giving his life for some great cause. That song at the end of his "Parleying" with Gerard de Lairesse is as fresh and young (with an added pathos which years alone could give) as his own Luigi's delight in

> "last year's sunsets, and great stars
> That had a right to come first, and see ebb
> The golden cloud that drifts the sun away."

The old poet joins hands with the young patriot lover, when, facing visibly the awfulness of death itself, he can sing on the final stage of his journey:

> "Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows
> On a mound wind warms and sunshine mellows;
> Dance you, reds and whites and yellows!"

Of the three periods into which Browning's poetic life may be divided, it is impossible at this moment of time to rightly estimate the relative importance. The earliest works are too far off in point of date, and too familiarly dear through fifty years of association. The latest works are too recent, perhaps too profound; and at any rate the mellowing influence of use is needed, before all can be fitly placed side by side and compared. But while much of "Sordello" and "Paracelsus," and all of "Pippa Passes" and "A Soul's Tragedy," is the work of a man in his strength, we may say as much for the keenness of the satire on "George Bubb Dodington," the splendour of landscape in "Gerard de Lairesse," the closely reasoned philosophy of "Francis Furini," or the splendid image of the relatien of soul and mind in "Charles Avison." There is indeed about all these latter works a ripeness of phrase and completion of thought which could only come, not from long living merely, but from unremitting use and enjoyment of a full life.

The three periods are well enough known, and there will be no cavilling at their demarcation here. The first ends with the drama of "King Victor and King Charles," the second with "Dramatis Personæ," and the third begins with *The Ring and the Book* and ends with *Isolando*. For the analytic nature of *The Ring and the Book* runs through all the more important volumes of character-drawing subsequent to that work; and the very manner of making each character speak out his own nature through whatever shifts or disguises has been preserved as a method finally adopted, to the complete exclusion of the earlier dramatic form of scene and dialogue. "Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau" and "The Inn Album" are, like "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" also, as dramatic in their essence as "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon"; but the form is Browning's own, and we are the gainers by its originality.

As most people know, Robert Browning was born on May 7, 1812, at Camberwell; and his education after early boyhood was passed partly with a private tutor, partly at the University of London, now University College, in Gower Street. He seems never in his life to have visited any other continent than Europe, though in his twenty-second year he is said to have travelled as far as Russia. During his married life he made his home much in Italy, and we all know his love for it. And yet almost the only poems dealing with Italy, outside *The Ring and the Book*, are "Home Thoughts from Abroad," "De Gustibus," "The Englishman in Italy," "The Italian in England" and "Up at a Villa—down in the City"; and of these "The Italian in England" alone gives us a soul portrait of the patriot Italian. But none of his longer and more important works, though dealing much with historical or actual Italian characters, are specially Italian in tone; and with an equal impartiality he has painted for us Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Russians, Spaniards, Germans, and English. In fact we feel that his intimate association with Italy,

endeared by many memories, had little or nothing to do with the bent of his poetic art, which is bounteous and inexhaustible as nature.

In this connexion it is interesting to notice that M. Sarrazin, in a very able article on Browning in the *Universal Review* of February last, lays much stress on the Anglo-Saxon strain in Browning's blood. He says:

"La race anglaise est une race à la fois réfléchie et active . . . . à l'heure précise où, grâce à l'intuition nette de sa situation géographique, elle créait son commerce, c'est-à-dire sa vie extérieure, elle embrassait aussi la Réforme et s'assurait une vie intérieure inépuisable. Digne fils de cette vie intérieure et de ses profondes analyses, le poète que nous allons étudier naît un jour, et il est doué en outre d'instincts dramatiques."

And winding up his discussion of Browning's dramatic psychology in its ethical quality, he insists that, by this quality,

"grâce à son éthique, cette œuvre est une des plus anglaises qui soient. Faisant surtout appel au plus rare des courages, au courage contre soi-même, et ne lui promettant guère d'autre récompense terrestre que l'approbation de la conscience, elle constitue l'une des expressions les plus héroïques et les plus stoïciennes de l'esprit d'un peuple qui eut la double chance d'être trempé par la conquête normande et par la Réforme."

We learn from Mrs. Orr, as matter of fact, that

"Mr. Browning's paternal grandfather was an Englishman of a probably Puritan stock, being the lineal descendant of the Micaiah Browning who raised the siege of Derry in 1689, by springing the boom across Lough Foyle, and perished in the act. His paternal grandmother was a Creole. The maternal grandfather was a German from Hamburg named Wiedemann, an accomplished draughtsman and musician. The maternal grandmother was completely Scotch."

I prefer, on this evidence, while admiring the skill with which M. Sarrazin makes his facts fit his theory, to regard Browning as a poet of the world, with no special leaning towards Anglo-Saxon standards of right and wrong, but consumed always by a love of, and need to portray, human nature as it is, of whatever race, creed, or time, or even ethical excellence.

The truth is that, from a fortunate fusion of several races and characters, we find united in Browning the poet's sensuous love of all earthly beauty, keen ear for rhythm and turn of speech, pregnant eloquence and high range of thought and image, run through by a steel fibre of unflinching probity and courage, high mystic and religious tendencies, philosophic insight, plastic and perceptive gifts, and virile stability. But he is necessarily, by this very fusion, a poet of a unique growth. It is waste of time to compare or associate him with other poets, English or not—to draw parallels as to style or cast of thought; and, though you may parody, you can never imitate him. It has taken the English people nearly half-a-century to make up their minds about him in any large numbers; and even now a great majority of his admirers seek philosophy where they might easily find live men and women. To Browning, from the minutest detail of gesture or habit to the most thrilling psychological crisis, all humanity has been welcome material; while in actual poetic construction the manner of a phrase or even a grotesque rhyme have, when needful, been as carefully studied in producing and finishing a mental portrait or scene as have his most resonant and majestic passages of poetic eloquence. Even such a simple exercise of skill as "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is a good example of the exactness of the mental gauge by which he measured the riches of his imaginative and descriptive power. As regards this very poem, I have seen in MS. a version by another hand, written probably a little before Browning's poem, which, had the latter never seen the light, would have read as a very telling story in verse; but which, placed side by side with the master's achievement, becomes slight and boyish. And from the amazing versatility of character-analysis which informs *The Ring and the Book* back to the subtle and finished handling of the characters in "A Soul's Tragedy," or even the lighter humorous or satirical touches in "Pippa Passes," we find, not a moralist or philosopher only, but above all a poet who shows us human action and event governing or governed by man's mind and soul. Such work has never been done before, and may never be done again; at any rate, it is not *par excellence* an Englishman's work, and that it is presented in the English language is an accident. To cite a few examples out of many, the mind that conceived "Andrea del Sarto," the queen of "In a Balcony," the speaker in "The Worst of it," or him of "A Confession," was not thinking of national types, but of human types; and Christina, for anything Browning cared, might have been an Italian instead of a northern queen.

It would be trenching too closely on sacred ground to do more than allude to the perfect spiritual union of Browning's married life. We discern and reverence the perfection of mutual influence as a phenomenon in the history of poetic art. That influence found its supreme visible expression twice throughout Browning's splendid poetic career—first in "One Word More," last in the dedication to *The Ring and the Book*. The utmost that one can dare to say of that mutual influence is that it did not visibly affect in either poet their individuality of expression or choice of subject. Before as well as after marriage they worked spiritually side by side. Their soul's bond was a palpable fact, but a beautiful mystery all the same.

Of Browning's last printed words, some sing with a poignant pathos whose note throbs with human hope and immortal love of the earth he seems to have left too abruptly; some—the very last—ring like the echo of a clarion from the unknown region of his lifelong surmise. And there, let us hope and believe, his soul finds ever vaster fields of strenuous delight. But, strange to say, our fittest God-speed to him on his onward way must be borrowed from his earliest poem, written when he was scarcely a man in years, so aptly does his invocation of Shelley come back to himself:

"Suntreader, life and light be thine for ever!
Thou art gone from us: years go by and spring
Gladdens, and the young earth is beautiful,
Yet thy songs come not, other bards arise,
But none like thee; they stand, thy majesties,
Like mighty works which tell some spirit there
Hath sat regardless of neglect and scorn,
Till, its long task completed, it hath risen
And left us, never to return. . . ."

J. T. Nettleship.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Atlas de statistique financière. Paris: Colin: 15 fr.

Bonet-Maury, G. Bürger et les origines anglaises de la ballade littéraire en Allemagne. Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.

Chaffanjon, J. L'Orénoque et le Caura. Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.

Claparède, A. de. Au Japon: notes et souvenirs. Paris: Fischbacher. 4 fr.

De Lacerda Werneck, L. P. Le Brésil: dangers de sa situation politique et économique. Paris: Donnamette. 5 fr.

Deiorme, Marie. Les Contes du pays d'Armor. Paris: Colin. 7 fr.

Delisle, L. Epître adressée à Robert Gaguin le 1er janvier 1472, par G. Fichet, sur l'introduction de l'imprimerie à Paris. 10 fr. Notes sur les catalogues de la Bibliothèque nationale. 1 fr. 50 c. Paris: Champion.

Forschungen, italienische, zur Kunstgeschichte. 1. Bd. S. Martin v. Lucca u. die Anfänge der toskanischen Skulptur im Mittelalter. Von A. Schmarsow. Breslau: Schottlaender. 9 M.

Frimmel, Th. Neue Beethoveniana. Neue Ausgabe m. 2 unged ruckten Briefen Beethovens an Goethe. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 10 M.

Henning, A. Unsere Festungen. Berlin: Bath. 7 M.

Kekulé, R. Ueb. die Bronzestatue d. sogenannten Idolino. Berlin: Reimer. 2 M. 80 Pf.

Le Camus, l'abbé. Notre voyage aux pays bibliques. Paris: Letouzey. 10 fr. 50 c.

Lemaitre, Jules. Dix contes. Paris: Lecène. 20 fr.

Lermolieff, J. Kunstkritische Studien üb. italienische Malerei. Die Galerien Borghese u. Doria Pamfili in Rom. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 10 M.

Le Roux, H. Les jeux du cirque et la vie foraine. Paris: Plon. 25 fr.

Lindau, M. B. Tempi passati. Erinnerungen an das päpstliche Rom. Leipzig: Vorhauer 5 M.

Paris, C. Voyage d'exploration de Hué en Cochinchine par la route mandarine. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.

Solleville, E. Chants populaires du Bas Quercy. Paris: Champion. 10 fr.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

Mueller, G. A. Christus bei Josephus Flavius. Innsbruck: Wagner. 1 M. 60 Pf.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

Bachfeld, G. Die Mongolen in Posen, Schlesien, Böhmen u. Mähren (1241). Innsbruck: Wagner. 2 M.

Bekker, E. I. System d. heutigen Pandektenrechts. 2. Bd. Weimar: Böhlau. 7 M. 50 Pf.

Bertin, E. La société du consulat et de l'empire. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.

Biedermann, H. J. Geschichte der österreichischen Gesammt-Staats-Idee 1526—1804. 2. Abth. 1705—1740. Innsbruck: Wagner. 7 M. 60 Pf.

Desclozeaux. Gabrielle d'Estrées, marquise de Monceaux, duchesse de Beaufort. Paris: Champion. 10 fr.

Gottlob, A. Aus der Camera Apostolica d. 15. Jahrh. Innsbruck: Wagner. 6 M.

Ihne, W. Römische Geschichte. 7. Bd. Die Bürgerkriege bis zum Triumvirat. Leipzig: Engelmann. 5 M.

Kehr, P. Die Urkunden Otto III. Innsbruck: Wagner. 7 M. 60 Pf.

Morgan, J. de. Mission scientifique au Caucase: études archéologiques et historiques. Paris: Leroux. 25 fr.

Pichmayr, F. T. Flavius Domitianus. Ein Beitrag zur röm. Kaisergeschichte. Amberg: Puetet. 1 M. 50 Pf.

Pimodan, le marquis de. Antoinette de Bourbon. La mère des Guises (1494—1583). Paris: Champion. 10 fr.

Toller, O. De spectaculis, cenis, distributionibus in municipiis romanis occidentis imperatorum aetate exhibitis. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.

Wallon, H. Les représentants du peuple en mission et la justice révolutionnaire dans les départements en l'an II. (1793—1794). T. 4. La Frontière du Nord et l'Alsace. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.

Weiss, N. La chambre ardente: étude sur la liberté de conscience en France sous François Ier et Henri II. (1540—1550). Paris: Fischbacher. 6 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bertrand, J. Leçons sur la théorie mathématique de l'électricité. Paris: Gauthier-Villars. 10 fr.

Carus, J. V. Prodromus faunae mediterraneae. Vol. II. Pars 1. Brachiostomata. Mollusca. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 12 M.

Felix J., u. H. Lenk. Beiträge zur Geologie u. Paläontologie der Republik Mexico. 1. Thl. Leipzig: Felix. 10 M.

Lamprecht, G. Wetter, Erdbeben u. Erdenringe. Zittau: Pahl. 1 M. 50 Pf.

Weber, H. Elektrodynamik m. Berücksicht der Thermoelektricität, der Elektrolyse u. der Thermochemie. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 6 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

Delbrueck, B. Die indogermanischen Verwandtschaftsnamen. Leipzig: Hirzel. 8 M.

Gans', D., chronikartige Weltgeschichte, u. d. T.: Zemach David verf. im J. 1593, übertr. v. G. Klemperer, m. Einleitgn. hrsg. v. M. Grünwald. 1. Hft. Prag: Pascheles. 2 M.

Knepper, J. Tempora u. Modi bei Walther v. der Vogelweide. Lingen: van Acken. 1 M. 50 Pf.

Mahn, A. De Dionis Chrysostomi codicibus. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.

Pabst, F. Die Sprache der mittelenglischen Reimchronik d. Robert v. Gloucester. I. Lautlehre. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A SIGN USED IN OLD-ENGLISH MSS. TO INDICATE VOWEL-SHORTNESS.

Ghent, Belgium: Dec 7, 1889.

Will you allow me to supplement my former communication on this subject (Academy, October 12, 1889), by about a score more instances? They occur in the same MS.

from which I extracted the others. With the possible exception of *bebòda*, and that of *gòd*, none of them is cited by Prof. Napier in either of his two letters, which makes them all the more interesting*. They may yet come in time to be used by Prof Kluge (if he intends to give them exhaustively) for his article in Paul's *Grundriss*; the copy had left my hands for the printers, or I should have sent them sooner:—

abèna; bebìda; gebèda; forbèran; bètere bide (=pray); *geblt; tobræ'c; buiton; cwiþe; dàga; du'ru; gòd*; (13 times); *màge* (twice); *màhte; òferhyd i; su'man; wig; forþgewitena.*

Of these instances none but *gebèda*, *bu'ton*, and *du'ru*, present any difficulty; but this I shall not now attempt to solve. Here again an overwhelming majority speaks in favour of Prof. Napier's interpretation.

The text from which they have been taken is about to be published in the *Anglia*.

H. Logeman.

Dec. 15, 1889.

P.S.—I have since found the following additional instances, which occur on folios 55b, 56b of the same Tiberius MS.:

gòdes (twice); *gòde* (twice); *gewi'a; bebòda; màn* (*homo* twice); *onglte; unmàgan; màga; unmàga; mogàn* [sic].

On folio 55b there is found *godes* with a minute *m* written over the *o*. I mention it here in this connexion, but I do not know what it means.

The passages from which I have extracted these last instances have been published by Thorpe (*Ancient Laws*, ii. 260, 262), as Prof. Napier told me some two years ago, when I had transcribed them with a view to publication. At this moment I have no access to Thorpe's edition; but I have reason to believe that he does not call attention either to the ' or to the *m*.

H. L.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "KETCHUP."

Carlisle: December 2, 1889.

With reference to the note on this subject (Academy, November 30, p. 359), I may say that "ketchup" is certainly not Chinese. The evidence is as follows.

Any Chinese word ending in *p* or *t* must be connected with the Southern dialects, where these final letters are preserved, though lost to the literary language. Hence, if "ketchup" were Chinese, it must be a Cantonese or Amoy, Swatow or Foochow word or compound—all Chinese words being monosyllabic—and must be written *Kat-chap*. No such term exists in any dialect with which I am acquainted. The general name for "mushroom" in Canton is *k'wan* (the inverted comma representing a sharp aspiration or explosive), which becomes *dzing* at Ningpo, and cannot therefore have supplied any part of the word *kat-chap*.

If it be replied that the original ketchup may have had no connexion with fungi (which most Chinese with whom I have met are very cautious about eating), it will still be admitted that it must be a well-known juice or liquid. Now the substance which in China most nearly takes the place of our ketchup is popularly known in the East as "soy" (*vide* Osbeck, *Voyage to Chin i*, i. 253, and reff.), from a Chinese term meaning "sauce of pickles," or a relish made from salted or fermented vegetables and grain. It is clear that this has not given rise to the word "ketchup." It is perfectly true that in Canton we have a word *chap* meaning gravy or juice. This word is composed of the ideograph or symbol for "water," and the phonograph for "ten," showing that a liquid is intended the name of which must be pronounced like the word for ten—*i.e.*, *shap*, now modified to *chap*. From this we get *yan-long-chap* = "betel-nut juice"; and *ts'oi-chap* = "vegetable juice"; but surely such a coincidence, in the absence of any other evidence is merely accidental. If the Chinese had a word *ka* or *kat*, meaning fungus, mushroom, or some juicy vegetable; if from this plant they prepared a special article of diet, and finally, if they gave the article so prepared the name of *kat-chap*, and introduced it to Europeans under that name, our course would be clear. As it is, we have only the evidence that at Canton a word *chap* means "gravy," and to pin the etymology of the term "ketchup" thereon is absurd.

I would therefore suggest that the origin of the name be sought—as already suggested by some lexicographers—in the East Indies. And though I do not possess the knowledge or the books necessary for settling the question, it may perhaps put other investigators on the right track if I state that the first syllable may be looked for among the Burmese or Assamese, since the name for a mushroom or fungus among the latter is *kath-phúlá*—a very likely word to yield the first part of *kat-sup* or "ketchup." It should be remembered that *kath-phúlá* is pronounced (so far as the consonants are concerned) like our "catapult."

Hilderic Friend.

THE ORIGIN OF "OFF" IN "WELL OFF," &c.

London: Dec. 16, 1889.

My attention has lately been called to the difference in meaning between "off" as generally used and when it is employed in such expressions as "well off," "ill off," "badly off," "poorly off," &c. This difference is probably due to a difference in etymology; but I have tried in vain to find an explanation in any dictionary.

May not the expressions be derived from Old Norse or Icelandic? Cleasby's Dictionary, under "hafa," gives just this meaning, as *vel hafa*, *illa hafa*, &c., and states that *hafa* has in these expressions the sense of a lost verb *hafa*, *hôf*. All the Teutonic languages have retained "have" in this meaning; Danish, *velhavende*; Dutch, *het vel hebben*; German, *wohlhabend*; excepting the English branch, in which, as an equivalent, we find "well off."

This idea may have been already suggested and rejected by philologists; but I should be glad to know if any other derivation has been found for "well off."

A. B. Marshall.

NEGRO AND WHITE.

London: Dec. 16, 1889.

Allow me to protest against a statement made in the last issue of the Academy by Mr. Walter Lewin in his review of the *Life of William Lloyd Garrison*. He asserts that:

"While the North treat [*sic*] the negro with contempt, the South treat [*sic*] him with infamous brutality. To keep up the spirit of hatred against him falsehoods are circulated of his licentiousness and general depravity," &c., &c.

Most travellers who have visited the Southern States will feel inclined to pronounce this a shameful libel on the whites, who, so far from treating the negro "with infamous brutality," treat him, on the whole, with great forbearance and with all possible consideration for his constitutional shortcomings. They certainly have no occasion to circulate "falsehoods" against him for his "licentiousness and general depravity," in order "to keep up the spirit of hatred against him"; and this for two reasons. In the first place, they, as a rule, entertain no feelings of hatred against him; in the second, no falsehoods could very well exceed the reality, as is patent to all observers of the negro social relations. Here and there the whites turn with fury on the blacks; but probably in all cases the blacks have been the aggressors, bringing vengeance on their heads by nameless outrages on the white women.

If Mr. Lewin challenges these statements, I shall be happy to supply him with overwhelming proofs of their strict accuracy.

A. H. Keane.

BROWNING'S "SUMMUM BONUM."

Combe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Dec. 14, 1889.

With Browning's exquisite little lyric headed "Summum Bonum" may be compared Ben Jonson's "A Celebration of Charis: in Ten Lyric Pieces.—IV. Her Triumph." Indeed, this lyric, consisting of thirty lines, may, I think, have suggested Browning's, consisting of eight. Ben Jonson, in his last line but one, has "the bag of the bee"; Browning, in his first line, "the bag of one bee."

J. Hoskyns-Abrahall.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Sunday, Dec. 22, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "National Life and Thought in the Ottoman Empire," by Prof. H. A. Salmoné.

Saturday, Dec. 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electricity," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, I., by Prof. A. W. Rucker.

SCIENCE.

SOME BOOKS ON POPULAR SCIENCE.

"Romance of Science Series."—*Time and Tide*: a Romance of the Moon. Being two Lectures delivered in the Theatre of the Royal Institution. By Sir Robert S. Ball.

The Story of a Tinder-Box. A Course of Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Auditory at the London Institution. By Charles Meymott Tidy. (S.P.C.K.)

These two volumes, as may be inferred from the difference in the character of the audiences to which the lectures composing them were addressed, are widely different in style and substance. In his Royal Institution lectures, the Astronomer-Royal for Ireland expounds once more the views on the origin of the moon and the future of the terrestrial system with which he startled the scientific world some years ago. The later statement of these theories is somewhat more cautious than was the well-known Birmingham discourse. This is a decided improvement from the point of view of "science," however it may affect the "romance." However, even if all the speculations to which competent authorities have objected were expunged, Sir R. Ball's little book would still contain enough to satisfy any reasonable appetite for scientific marvels. The lectures are marked throughout by the author's well-known power of apposite and effective illustration; and apart from the fascinating hypotheses which they present, they are valuable as an unusually compact and lucid summary of the established facts relating to tidal phenomena.

Mr. Meymott Tidy's volume, which treats of the various methods of producing fire, from the simple contrivances of the primeval savage down to the latest applications of electrical science, is, of course, much more elementary in its character. So far as mere style is concerned, we can scarcely say that the author has quite mastered the difficult art of

* Prof. Napier gives *bebòdu* from fol. 50b of the Cleopatra MS.

writing on scientific subjects for juvenile readers. His language is in some instances too childish, and in others too mature; but he certainly knows how to select the most interesting facts connected with his subject. With the aid of the experimental demonstrations which accompanied them, the lectures could not fail to delight those who heard them, and in their printed form they will afford pleasure and instruction to readers of all ages.

Our Earth and its Story. A Popular Treatise on Physical Geography. Edited by Robert Brown. With twelve coloured Plates and 262 Woodcuts. (Cassell.) In *Our Earth and its Story* Dr. Brown has succeeded in combining accuracy of information with a delightful method of instruction which ensures a continued popularity for his work. The illustrations of ideal scenes in the world's geological history are extremely striking; the liassic landscape with the pterodactyls chasing a dragon-fly, and the view of a village in the palaeolithic period, being perhaps the most entertaining. The author's standpoint is that geology "glides into archaeology," the refuse of a lake-dwelling and the rude uninscribed monuments being to all practical intents as much fossils as the jaw of a cave-lion; when inscriptions are found, history proper may be said to begin. Besides the geological chapters, which are full of excellent illustrations, and the useful essays on the distribution of plants, the reader will find an accurate and instructive account of the condition of our race in the older and newer ages of stone, with some information as to the life of savage tribes since the introduction of metals.

The Butterfly: its History and Attributes. By John Stuttard. (Fisher Unwin.) This is a careful study of the eggs, larvae, chrysalides, and perfect insects in one of the most fascinating departments of entomology. A good chapter details the several parts of a butterfly anatomically, and figures enable the student to grasp the author's teaching with ease. The discoveries of Darwin and Lubbock on the coloration of butterflies, and their use as fertilisers of flowers, are explained; and the little book is thoroughly brought up to date. Led away by his fondness for evolution, Mr. Stuttard attacks the analogy between the reawakening of the butterfly from the chrysalis and the general Resurrection. No one ever contended that the parallel is exact; but so far as it goes, the daily marvel of the one suggests, *quantum valet*, the possibility and probability of the future miracle. So that we should demur at his expression: "The awakening" (of the butterfly from the pupa) "is like the execution of a creative fiat." It resembles, rather, the awakening from a lengthy sleep. The butterfly is no new creation. It has stirred and been alive inside the chrysalis, and is the self-same life as that of the caterpillar which preceded it. Barring these speculations, no better book could be found to give a boy when he begins to collect butterflies. But a very ordinary schoolboy would tell Mr. Stuttard that the plural of "apparatus" is not "apparatii" (p. 18).

The Story of Chemistry. By Harold W. Picton. With a Preface by Sir Henry Roscoe. (Isbister.) A short popular account of the history of chemical discovery and speculation was certainly needed, and Mr. Picton has supplied the want with skill and judgment. Some readers may wish that he had given a fuller account of the theories held before the seventeenth century, and of the development of chemical nomenclature; but this could only have been done by making the book larger, for the chapters dealing with the modern history of the science certainly contain little that could have been spared. Of the writer's knowledge of his subject, Sir H. Roscoe's commendation in the preface affords sufficient assurance; and his style is lucid and attractive. The arrangement of the book is, on the whole, good; but one or two digressions are rather awkwardly introduced. It has, for instance, an odd effect to find an extended account of the modern methods of preparing sulphuric acid and antimony in a chapter headed "Medical Mysticism." The account of the history of the name "alcohol" is somewhat confused and partly inaccurate, and the statements about the Arabian chemist "Geber" seem to have been obtained from some untrustworthy source.

The Ocean of Air: Meteorology for Beginners. By Agnes Giberne. With a Preface by the Rev. C. Pritchard. (Seeley.) Miss Giberne—who, we believe, first won her reputation by her religious stories—has here added a third volume to her series of scientific handbooks "for beginners," which began with *Sun, Moon, and Stars*, in 1869. Like that, this also is honoured with a preface by the Savilian professor of astronomy at Oxford, which forms a sufficient guarantee of its correctness. It is more important for us to point out that the author's experience as a writer for the young has enabled her to avoid the common mistake of the lecturer, who can never abandon his didactic attitude. Even Charles Lamb, despite his aversion to both natural science and schoolmasters, might have consented to read these bright pages, which are tinged with imagination and also expressed in the simplest of language. The metaphor conveyed in the title, "the *ocean* of air," gives at once the keynote to the mode of treatment, which is to attempt to render intelligible the principles of meteorology without any formidable apparatus of diagrams, mathematics, or chemical symbols. The illustrations, as might be expected from the publishers, have a charm of their own, being all of them reproductions from instantaneous photographs.

Science of Everyday Life. By John A. Bower. (Cassell.) Unlike the preceding, this little volume has a sternly practical character, being intended to be used in the first course of the National Home Reading Union. It is abundantly illustrated with pictures of experiments to be performed, and seems to us well fitted for a present to a clever boy.

A Little Brown Pebble. By S. L. Pumphrey. (W. H. Allen.) In the story of "a little brown pebble" its writer endeavours to introduce geological science into the nursery, showing what strange creatures lived in the ancient seas, what monsters inhabited the primeval forests, and how our country alternated between torrid heats and an arctic cold. The accuracy of the information is guaranteed by competent authorities, and the illustrations are spirited. There is no reason why the attempt should not succeed, unless the names of the geological animals or their strange appearance should prove too repulsive for children who can take in the idea of the elephant and rhinoceros.

The Dominion of Man. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. With Numerous Illustrations. (Bentley.) This must, we suppose, be the very last book that we shall receive from the lamented author, who devoted his life to spreading among the people, by pen and by lecture, a knowledge of animals and their ways. The extent of his popularity was attested by the subscription raised for his wife and children, after the news of his sudden death last March; and we hope that his copyrights may add to that amount. The present work is "popular" in the best sense of the term. While it does not aim at scientific precision, or even at exhausting the details of which it does treat, it is written in such a familiar style as to allure even the dullest reader; and the publishers have done their part with bold type and effective woodcuts. The subject is the domestication of animals by man. And those who are acquainted with Mr. Wood's idiosyncracy will be prepared to find that he does not confine himself to the familiar dog and horse and ox and sheep, but that he tells out-of-the-way anecdotes about reindeer, otters, ostriches, &c. In his introductory chapter, he makes the remark that the Australians "never think of taming any of the very tameable beasts of their own country"; but Dr. Carl Lumholtz—in his unpleasantly named *Among Cannibals*, just published by Mr. Murray—found that the aborigines of Queensland use the dingo for hunting. So again, when describing the degradation of the dog throughout the East, he fails to do justice to the Tibetan mastiff, the Persian greyground, the polygar dog of Southern India, the puppy dear to Chinese epicures.

Weather Wisdom from January to December, Compiled by Wilfrid Allan. (Field & Tuer.) When people compile they may as well do it thoroughly. Mr. Allan's little book is scanty and jejune, and is excelled by many an old Almanac.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MSS OF THE YASNA.

Munich: Dec. 2, 1889.

All Pahlavi scholars will fully appreciate Dastur Jamaspji's act of enlightened generosity in presenting his most valuable MS. of the Yasna with Pahlavi to the Bodleian Library, as announced by Dr. Mills in the ACADEMY of November 30.

It may be useful to scholars if I take this opportunity of briefly reporting the present state of our information regarding the authoritative MSS. of this class. It is singular that the Copenhagen MS. K 5 and Jamaspji's MS. J 2, though written at the same time (A.D. 1323) and by the same hand, should differ in so many minor details (judging from Spiegel's edition of the Pahlavi text of K 5) as to suggest the idea that they were copied from two different originals. Regarding the descent of J 2 no information is recorded; but K 5, according to its colophons, was copied from a MS. written by Rustam Mihirâpân, who is known (from a comparison of other colophons) to have been a great grand-uncle of Mihirâpân Kaî-Khusrô, the writer of K 5 and J 2, and to have written another MS. in A.D. 1249 (possibly 1269). For a long time K 5 and J 2 were considered as the ancestors of all MSS. of this class in India; but Prof. Geldner, when collating MSS. for his new edition of the Avesta texts, soon recognised the fact that Pt 4—a MS. of last century, belonging to Dastur Peshotan—was of a different family; and it has since been discovered that Mf 4—a MS. of the same age in the Mulla Firoz Library—is also of this different family. Both these MSS., and a third one belonging to Dastur Peshotan, contain a Pahlavi introduction, in which the descent of their original, written by Hôshang Siyâvakhsh, is traced back to about A.D. 1020, judging from well-known names that are given, although no dates are mentioned. Dastur Peshotan states that Pt 4 was written in A.D. 1780. We know, from colophons preserved in the Persian Rivâyats, that Hôshang Siyâvakhsh was writing in A.D. 1478 at Sharafâbâd; and he states that he copied his Yasna from a MS. of Mihirâpân Spend-dâd, who was a grandfather of the writer of K 5 and J 2. Pt 4 and Mf 4 are independent descendants from Hôshang's MS. when it was old and worn, Mf 4 being the later of the two. They agree very closely, and supply many important amendments in the Pahlavi text. Their agreements with J 2 appear to be more numerous than those with K 5, when these

two MSS. differ; and it is just possible that J 2 is descended from Mihirâpân Spend-dâd's MS., while the connexion of K 5 with the others must be sought further back.

Besides these old MSS. of the texts themselves, however, there exists another source of information, regarding the Gâthic portion of the Yasna, in the detailed account of three of the Gâthic Nasks given in the ninth book of the Dînkard, now being translated for "The Sacred Books of the East." While the first of the Gâthic Nasks, the Yasht or Stôd-yasht (*staotu yêsnya*), consisted of the texts of the Gâthas and of much of the remaining Yasna and Vispêrad, the next three Gâthic Nasks, the Sûdkar, Varshtmânsar, and Bako, were commentaries on the Gâthas, written with three different objects in view. Any scholar who can thoroughly digest these tough commentaries will find that they contain many useful hints; but I will mention only one. In Yas., xxxi. 5 *b* occurs a word—*ereshi*—which has given translators a good deal of trouble, the question being whether its meaning be a good or evil one. In Spiegel's edition of the Pahlavi version, it is translated by a word that can be read *hû-vârîh* ("good judgment") or *hû-vaharîh* ("good fortune"); both being unusual words, but appearing to suggest a good meaning for *ereshi*—a hint which has been taken by four translators out of five. The Pahlavi word is repeated in a gloss, and both Pt 4 and Mf 4 divide both occurrences of this word in such a manner as to suggest the reading *avo aresh*, "to *aresh*," which certainly destroys the suggestion of goodness, but leaves nothing very intelligible in its place. Now comes a commentary in the Varshtmânsar Nask which, in this very place, records a dispute between Zaratusht and the demon Aresh, which at once suggests the fact that *ereshi* was understood to be an evil being or propensity by the commentators in early times. No doubt, Aresh is the demon Arêshk, or Arashk, of the Bundahish (xv. 18, xxviii. 16), the demon of envy or malice (Pers. *arashk*, *rashk*). If, therefore, translators of the Gâthas will henceforth consider *ereshi* as another form of *araska* ("envy"), they will follow the old commentators, and, at the same time, make very good sense of Yas., xxxi. 5, in both versions, Avesta and Pahlavi.

E. W. West.

"THE RELIGION OF THE SEMITES."

Cambridge: Dec. 16, 1889.

My friend Prof. Cheyne will see that I cannot at present complicate my controversy with Prof. Sayce by dealing with the quite distinct issues raised by his letter. I wrote in reply to Prof. Sayce's review not because he did not agree with me, but because he misrepresented me. I do not complain that he is dissatisfied with my account of the Ashera, but that he proposes to settle the controversy by referring to the Tell el-Amarna evidence as to something I have overlooked, whereas in reality I cite and discuss it.

W. Robertson Smith.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The following have been elected foreign members of the Royal Society:—Prof. Stanislao Cannizzaro, of Rome, for his researches on molecular and atomic weights; Prof. Chauveau, of Paris, for his researches on the mechanism of the circulation, animal heat, nutrition, and the pathology of infectious diseases; and Prof. Rowland, of Baltimore, for his determination in absolute measure of the magnetic susceptibilities of iron, nickel, and cobalt; for his accurate measurements of fundamental physical constants; for the experimental proof of the electro-magnetic effect of electric convection; for the theory and construction of curved diffraction-gratings of very great dispersive power; and for the effectual aid which he has given to the progress of physics in America and other countries.

We understand that the Anthropological Institute, with the view of popularising the science, has organised a course of six elementary lectures on "Anthropology." Each discourse will be given by a separate lecturer, arrangements having been made for their delivery by Dr. Garson, Mr. F. W. Rudler, Mr. A. L. Lewis, Mr. H. Balfour, Mr. E. W. Brabrook, and Mr. G. W. Bloxam. It is believed that secretaries of institutions in and near London will be glad to arrange for the delivery of this course at their respective centres.

Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish the first part of Prof. Eimer's work, *Organic Evolution as the Result of the Inheritance of Acquired Characters according to the Laws of Organic Growth*, translated by Mr. J. T. Cunningham.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

With reference to the article on "The Next Oriental Congress" in the Academy of last week, we may state that the protest therein mentioned has now received about one hundred signatures. Among the most recent names are—From Germany, Prof. Carl Abel, of Berlin; from Italy, Prof. Gorresio, of Turin, and Prof. Severini, of Florence; from Russia, Prof. I. Gottwaldt, of Kazan; and from France, E. Soldi, D. Marceron, J. Girard de Rialle, E. Aymonier, B. de Villemerenie, and R. Graffil.

At the meeting of the Royal Asistic Society, held on Monday, December 16, the two following resolutions on the same subject were passed:—

(1) "That a communication be made to the committee of the Stockholm Congress that a representative of the oriental scholars of Great Britain and Ireland be added to the committee."

(2) "That the council be empowered to call a general meeting and invite the opinion of oriental scholars, not being members of the society, to discuss the question regarding the place at which the next Congress is to be held."

We have received, in the form of an extract from the journal of the Ceylon branch of the Asiatic Society, a list of the "Pansi-yapanas Jâtaka," being five hundred and fifty birth-stories of Gautama Buddha, compiled by N. Don M. de Zilva Wickremasinghe, assistant librarian at the Colombo Museum, who has searched for this purpose many old MSS (in both Sinhalese and Burmese characters) belonging to temple libraries throughout the island.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

English Goethe Society.—(*Tuesday, November 26.*)

Mr. R. A. J. Meusch read a paper on "Goethe and Wordsworth as Poetic Thinkers," of which the following is an abstract. Among the poets who wrote during what may be called the revolutionary period of literature, and who are chiefly characterised by an eager and often feverish assertion of man's right to freedom, and by an intense antagonism to social conventions, Goethe and Wordsworth occupy a unique position; for they alone of the poets of their day early recognised the futility of vague aspirations for unconditioned liberty, the barrenness of a sweeping condemnation of existing institutions. After sharing, like all the ardent minds of the time, in the revolt against restrictions on human liberty, and growing dissatisfied with the powerlessness of revolutionary thought to reconstruct what it sought to destroy, they alone of the poets of the day had the courage to retrace their steps, to cast aside vague dreams, and to sit down humbly at the feet of that great reality, which, whether it be called nature, life, or experience, is ever the sole source of wisdom, of freedom, and of power. A disinterested study of the real world soon led them to see that its customs and institutions were adapted to the actual character of mankind, and could only be permanently replaced as that character itself changed and progressed. Yet this reconciliation with the actual world nowise meant the desertion of the cause of freedom. Wordsworth to the end claimed to be a lover of liberty, though convinced that liberty itself could not exist apart from order; while Goethe was equally emphatic in asserting that it was only law that could give to man true freedom. From the conviction of the necessity of law and limitation sprang the conscious self-control which both Goethe and Wordsworth exercised as poets and as men, and which, probably, by a wise husbanding of strength and energies, enabled them during a long life to write themselves fully out and to do justice to their poetic genius. Despite the qualities of conservatism, self-control, and completeness which they had in common, Goethe and Wordsworth as poetic thinkers arrived at widely differing results, and that mainly owing to their diverging views on the relations between man and nature. To Wordsworth man appears but a part of nature, forever overshadowed by her grandeur and power. To him man's first duty is a life lived within her limits, his sole-enduring source of happiness is the contemplation of her beauty, his highest wisdom is the loving study of her works. To Goethe, on the other hand, man is nowise subordinate or inferior to nature; rather is his appearance the final blossoming of the tree, the final manifestation of those divine qualities which underlie and sustain the visible world, and which we become conscious of through man himself. From these differing views as to man's place in nature arose also the different ways in which the two poets depicted human life. Wordsworth, as a poet, always dealt more with man in the abstract than with individual men; for, having his mind fixed on the relation of man to nature, it was natural he should be struck pre-eminently by those human qualities which, while they distinguish men from all other beings, are at the same time common to the whole race. Goethe, on the contrary, filled with the conviction that man is the measure of things, that the kernel of nature is in the human heart, made man himself his foremost study; and, dealing with human life by itself, chiefly noted those qualities which distinguish one man from another, and which go to make up individual character. Wordsworth, therefore, might be called the poet of man; Goethe the poet of men. The difference in the standpoint of the two poets was largely due to the difference in their education. Wordsworth received his earliest and most powerful impressions from natural objects; Goethe from men and their various activities. The influence of their early training affected their whole subsequent careers, so that when Goethe came to deal poetically with nature he dealt with her mainly in reference to human life, considering her as ministering to human wants, as furnishing convenient symbols by which to express human emotions and human relations, and lastly as a great problem that confronted the human soul and pressed for solution. It were vain to question whether Goethe's or Wordsworth's conception be the grander or more true. We cannot do without either. When the time comes for action, for effort, for strenuous endeavour, it is the conception of Goethe that we need, the belief in our own capacity and powers; when the time for rest and contemplation arrives, we turn instinctively to Wordsworth and his "healing power" to draw from the intercourse with mighty nature resignation and peace. The two conceptions are two different aspects of one thing, like the obverse and the reverse of the medal; and both are the legitimate products of an age which is distinguished alike by the love of enterprise and action and by a profound yearning for rest.

Aristotelian Society.—(*Monday, December 2.*)

Shadworth H. Hodgson, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. B. Bosanquet read a paper on "The Aesthetic Theory of Ugliness." He began by assuming the objectivity of the aesthetic judgment, and explaining that he proposed to use the the term "beauty" as equivalent to "aesthetic value." In this wide sense, it was shown from the history of art that beauty includes much apparent ugliness; and a passage from Schiller was used proving that in his time the problem was taking the form "can modern art *bona fide* be called beautiful, or is not its principle rather the characteristic?" Some brief remarks were then made on the development of aesthetic theory in Germany in the earlier part of the present century; and finally the conception of Schasler and von Hartmann—of ugliness as the negative element essential in the development of beauty—was criticised with the view of showing that not mere limitation or negation, but only negation pretending to be complete or positive, could be theoretically considered as ugly, and that the subordination of ugliness to beauty might be a merely moral subordination: in other words that ugliness might be converted into beauty by a merely healthy and characteristic perception of it as ugliness. The practical extension of the boundary of beauty in modern art was insisted on. A final attempt to determine the nature of real ugliness led to the conclusion that it was most certainly to be found in the region of false beauty, *i.e.* of vicious art, as presenting in the fullest extent the phenomenon of a partial or distorted view claiming to be complete and just.

Society of Antiquaries.—(*Thursday, December 5.*)

Dr. J. Evans, president, in the chair.—Mr. Hyman Montagu exhibited a medal of Frederick, Prince Palatine, and his wife Elizabeth, 1613.—Prof. J. H. Middleton communicated a paper on a Roman villa at Spoonley Wood, Gloucestershire.—Dr. H. Hicks exhibited Roman pottery, &c., found at Hendon Grove, Hendon, Middlesex.—Mr. W. Ransom exhibited late-Celtic pottery found near Hitchin.—Mr. Arthur J. Evans communicated a on paper "A Class of late-Celtic Pottery from an ancient British Urn-field at Aylesford, Kent: its Gaulish Extension and Old Venetian (Illyro-Italic) Source." Reserving for another occasion a full account of the cemetery itself—which is of a kind hitherto unknown in Britain, containing bronze relics of Italo-Greek fabric imported into this country about 100 B.C., as well as interesting specimens of Celtic (probably Belgic) metal work and coins—Mr. Evans called attention to a remarkable class of cinerary and other vases discovered in the graves, wholly differing from the rude traditional type of ancient British pottery. These were made of a lustrous black colour, the more elegant among them provided with pedestals and somewhat approaching in form a Greek amphora without hands. In most cases they were surrounded by beads or raised "cordons," which divided them into zones. The author showed that vessels of analogous forms might be traced through an extensive Gaulish tract between the Channel and the Alps, occupied by the Belgic tribes and their eastern neighbours. He next connected their appearance in this intermediate region with the contact into which the Gaulish tribes of Cisalpine Gaul and the Eastern Alps were brought with the group of Illyro-Italic peoples inhabiting the regions about the head of the Adriatic, among whom the Old Venetian race must be regarded as the most prominent. He showed that in the cemeteries of this Illyro-Italic group — which forms a well-defined archaeological province distinct from the North Etruscan and the Ligurian, and including besides the Veneto and Istria a considerable East Alpine tract—there occurred not only the clay counterparts of the "cordoned" or pedestalled vases of the Gaulish and Kentish deposits, but their actual prototypes in bronze work. He called special attention, moreover, to a transitional class, discovered in the cemeteries of Este and elsewhere, in which the record of the bronze parentage was preserved by the attachment to the zones of the earthenware vessels of bronze studs, the arrangement of which imitated the decoration on the sides of the bronze originals. In some of the Gaulish vases of the Rhine and Marne districts the echo of this transitional class of "studded" vases was, in its turn, perceptible in the form of small circles and meanders simply engraved on the walls of the pots. In their evolution from bronze originals, these late-Celtic vases presented a complete contrast to the indigenous British pottery, which drew its origin from basket-work and daub. Mr. Evans further pointed out that the Aylesford vessels did not, by any means, stand alone on British soil. He traced the occurrence of vessels which, though, as a rule, inferior to the Kentish examples in elegance, belonged to the same Ceramic class, on a succession of sites throughout South-East England, and observed that the recently discovered pottery from Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, exhibited by Mr. Ransom that evening, belonged to the same category. Such vessels seem to have been hitherto classed as Roman in local museums. He further showed that the appearance of this new type of "late-Celtic" vases went *pari passu* with the diffusion of a new form of sepulchral practice, consisting of cremation—interment in urns in the flat surface of the earth, which seemed to have made its way among the Gaulish tribes, owing to contact with the same North Italian or Illyro-Italic region, and which gradually superseded the earlier late-Celtic practice of skeleton interment Altogether, the Aylesford discoveries opened a new chapter in the history of ancient Britain.

Archaeological Institute.—(*Thursday, Dec. 5.*)

The Rev. F. Spurrell in the chair.—Mr. F. C. J. Spurrell read a paper on a sickle and other stone implements brought by Mr. Flinders Petrie from Kahuun in Egypt. The paper was illustrated by a large collection of implements, among which were the axe, adze, saw, sickle, knife, &c. Mr. Spurrell drew attention to the resemblance existing between the early form of sickle and the jaw-bone of an animal, and concluded that this agricultural implement had developed therefrom. The whole of the implements exhibited were for domestic purposes, and had no connexion with sacrificial use.—Mr. J. E. Bale communicated a paper to the meeting on the font in Toftrees Church, Norfolk. The church consists of a chancel, nave, and lower portion of a tower. Its architectural features comprise work from the Anglian period to the Perpendicular. The font—of early Norman date—is beautifully sculptured. The bowl is square in form, with an elaborate design on each side. It is supported by five small shafts, one being in the centre. It is probable that the whole work was executed by the sculpturing hammer and axe.

Philological Society.—(*Friday, December 6.*)

The Rev. Dr. R. Morris, president, in the chair.—Mr. R. T. Elliott read a paper on "The Origin of Indo-European Suffixes." Bopp at first, owing to the influence of Friedrich Schlegel, held that the Indo-European language had been inflexional from the beginning. His final view, that root and suffix were originally independent words, afterwards agglutinated to one another, was due mainly to (1) the current view that there were only three parts of speech, all of which he thought must therefore be present in the verb; (2) the view that all words were derived from monosyllabic roots; and (3) the Semitic verb. Bopp's views gained general acceptance. Westphal's theory was based on false logical assumptions rather than on linguistic facts. Ludwig held that the meaning of suffixes was not original, but the result of adaptation. But he rested his case largely on untenable assumptions in regard to Vedic forms and Indo-European sound-changes.—Prof. Sayce ably supported Ludwig, urging that isolating, agglutinating, and inflexional languages implied totally different modes of thought, and asking why there were no instances of a transition from one stage to another. The writer argued that the transition assumed was no greater than from the synthetic to the analytic stage, and gave historical instances of transition from the agglutinative to the inflective stage. Delbrück rested his defence of agglutination on the ground that the likeness of the person-endings to the personal pronouns was irresistible; but the likeness was very slender; *-m* of 1st. pers. sing. had no resemblance to the nominative, the *-t* of 3rd sing. resembled the stem *to* no more than did the 2nd plur.; while all attempts to identify the 2nd person and the plural with their respective pronouns had hopelessly broken down. The preceding theories were basely mainly on *a priori* grounds. But would it not be best to argue from the more known to the less known, and, before forming a theory as to how suffixes *may* have arisen, to examine how they *have* arisen? The writer then traced the historical origin of suffixes in Indo-European languages, especially in Greek and Latin. New suffixes have arisen in historic times, mainly in three ways: (1) Agglutination or composition, *e.g.*, French *-ment* (= Lat. *mente*), Germ. *-heit* (= Goth. *haidus*, manner), Eng. *-ly* (= *like*), Lat. *-iter* (*brev-iter* = *breve-iter*). No sharp line can be drawn between composition and inflexion. (2) Cumulation of pre-existing suffixes, *e.g.* Eng. *ableness* = *able* + *ness*; Gk. *-θησο-* = *-θη-* + *-σο-*, &c. (3) False analogy, *e.g.* Germ. *-keit*, Fr. *-tier* in *bijou-tier* from *lait-ier*, *clout-ier*; Gk. *-οσύνη* in *μαντοσύνη* from *-o*-stems like *δουλο-σύνη*; Lat. *-ōsus* in *voluptuōsus* from *-u*-stems like *quaestu-ōsus*. Instances were then given of Indo-European suffixes which had probably a similar origin. The writer then examined Johansson's modification of Ludwig's theory. But, while he regarded it as certain that for many ages in the Indo-European period new suffixes had arisen mainly in the three ways described, he held that it was impossible to attain equal certainty as to the preceding period, where the question became complicated with the question of the origin of language, which could not be settled by the inductive method for lack of sufficient data.

FINE ART.

Manual of Mythology in Relation to Greek Art. By Maxime Collignon. Translated by Jane E. Harrison. (Grevel.)

This is a good book, well translated. It fills a gap in our literature, doing for Greek mythology much the same service which Mrs. Jamieson rendered to Christian hagiology. It does not profess to deal with the interpretation or the development of Greek myths, but solely with the historical evolution of their presentments in Greek art. But, even with this limited scope, the materials are so ample and the subject so extensive that any adequate treatment would demand larger space than M. Collignon has seen fit to allow himself.

The book, so far as it goes, is excellent; but it is not more than a sketch, and it is to be regretted that the work was not planned on a somewhat larger scale. The first chapter, on Baetylia and Xoanis, is fairly sufficient; and so is the third on Zeus and the eighth on Eros; but others, especially those on the minor deities, are very slight. The Dioscuri and Eos, for instance, are inadequately treated. The reference to the great Eos and Kephalos myth is merely incidental. There is no representation of Glaukos, or of the Erinyes, or of Epona, all of which were favourite subjects for artistic presentment.

But even in the case of those gods who are treated at some length there are regrettable lacunae. Thus, in the discussion of the development of the types of Apollo, both the bearded type and the numismatic types are omitted. The numismatic representations are of especial importance in the historical development of the artistic type, as the coins of Greek cities frequently reproduce the types of the archaic statues, of which all other memorials have been lost. In some instances, as in the case of Zeus, Hera, Dionysus, and Athena, M. Collignon has given us numismatic reproductions of these earlier types;

and he has also reproduced from coins the forms of the conical stones and rude steles which preceded the anthropomorphic representations of the gods. But he has overlooked or neglected the oldest types, both of Apollo and Aphrodite, which are only found on coins. It is the same with some of the great masterpieces of Greek art. Thus the famous statue of Aphrodite at Cnidos, by Praxiteles, the earliest undraped representation of the goddess, who drops her garment on a vase as she is about to enter her bath, is known only from a coin (Gardner, *Types of Greek Coins*, pl. xv., 21). To judge by the coin, this was the most perfect conception of the best period, immeasurably superior to the self-conscious and meretricious type of the Capitoline or the Medicean Venus. M. Collignon, it is true, describes the Cnidian statue; but we could well have spared other cuts—some of his Erotes, for instance—to make room for a reproduction of the coin. Room should also have been found for the throned Athena, and for the archaic types of Aphrodite, both as a conical stone, and for the earliest development of the cone into the almost formless types from Cyprus, such as those found by Di Cesnola at Dali (Di Cesnola, *Cyprus*, pl. vi.)

The woodcuts, of which there are 138, are as a rule well engraved. Perhaps the least successful is that of the Venus of Melos, which fails in giving the exquisite grace and beauty of the bust, while there is a disagreeable black shadow on the face and breast, owing, probably, to the cut having been drawn from a photograph taken in too strong a light.

An undue proportion of the illustrations are from sculptures in the Louvre, and too few from those in the British Museum, or in the museums of Germany. But the most serious fault to be found in the book is the omission, in the bibliographical references at the head of each chapter, of any mention of the excellent and exhaustive articles by Furtwängler in Roscher's "Lexicon." If Miss Harrison had given us a translation of these admirable essays she would have rendered an even greater service to English students than by her translation of M. Collignon's book, which is less *ausführlich*, and altogether of slighter texture.

Isaac Taylor.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

Among the sketches and studies of which this pleasant exhibition is composed, none will be regarded with more interest than those of the late Frederick Tayler (228, 233 to 247, 260) who for so many years added much to the annual attractions of the society's exhibitions. The spirit and elegance of his work, his sense of composition and pure direct workmanship, his light sure touch and gaiety of feeling and colour are qualities which are too rare not to be missed. Of a very different class are the sketches and studies of Mr. Burne-Jones, which are as remarkable as usual for their skilful execution and strange imagination. Whatever may be said of his curious designs for the arcade suggested by the Romance of the Rose, with their unearthly statues of Elde and Poverty, of Hate and Covetise and the rest of the doleful figures in the Garden of Idleness, there can be no doubt of the vigour of their conception and the force with which these ideas are embodied. The introduction of the beautifully drawn deer, and the gigantic living figures, which breathe nobility, emphasises by contrast the loathliness of disease and sin. Some beautiful studies for portraits and pictures, and some decorative experiments—as a drawing of Parnassus in gold, and a reproduction in gold and black of a well-known design of his—conclude the interesting and important contribution of Mr. Burne-Jones (214 to 127). Mr. Walter Crane's skill in design and versatility of artistic feeling are also well shown here in a sketch of Diana and her dogs, which is spirited and elegant, in two fine studies for a picture, "The Roll of Fate," and another which is more poetical in its feeling than its title, "Beauty and Bathing." Another side of art is shown in Mr. R. Barnes's clever studies of pauper children, which are full of character and pathos, so that the exhibition is unusually strong in figure subjects. For, of course, there are many besides these.

The president sends two fine drawings: a bold romantic woodscene called "The Sunset"; and a grand "Bishop," in which the sumptuousness of a white and gold vestment is splendidly suggested by very sober colours. Mr. Marks has some studies of men, which are, of course, good, but scarcely so interesting as his cockatoo (297); and Mr. Arthur Hopkins some pleasant and clever drawings, especially "Now came still evening on"—a charming and pathetic composition. Mr. Henshall is as clever as usual; but his large drawing of a girl "In Wonderland" with one shoe off, is more striking than agreeable. Mr. Bulleid has a more pleasant drawing of a girl's head, white marble, a vase and a statuette, which is called "A Suppliant." The statuette is charming. Curious in subject, but beautifully painted and delightful in its refined treatment is Mr. F. J. Shields's "Factory Girls at the Old Clothes Fair," Knott Mill, Manchester (321). On the other hand Mr. J. D. Watson has sadly fallen off; and there is not much to admire in the contributions of Mr. E. K. Johnson, Mr. Glindoni, Mr. Edward Radford, and some others.

In landscape we miss Mr. Alfred Hunt, but Mr. Albert Goodwin has sent some of his most delicate work. The "Dance of Death Bridge, Lucerne" (21), with its exquisitely soft shadows and tender distance, is of his highest quality; though some may prefer the pretty view of "Eton" (48), or the more brilliant little drawings of the Rhine, which are to be found on the screen. Mr. Henry Moore shows us, as he sometimes does at these exhibitions, that he can paint other things than gray or blue sea, and sends a very brilliant study of "Amongst the rocks, Jersey" (49). Mr. J. W. North sends one glowing piece of colour, "Cherry Trees in Autumn" (182); and Mr. Matthew Hale one of his most poetical impressions of nature, "On the Moors above Bolton Abbey," besides other studies. Mr. Herbert Marshall, though not forsaking London, for he sends one of his best drawings of Westminster Abbey—gives us bright little glimpses of a visit to Holland, where also Mr. Robert Allan has been. But the latter has been elsewhere too, and his "French Peasants arriving from the Vintage" (66) is one of the cleverest and boldest of sketches. It is impossible to mention all the pretty things by all the clever and well-known landscape artists of the society. Nearly all of them have something here to delight their many admirers. The veterans, like the Fripps and Mr. Callow, still seem to work as well as ever; and we think that the honours of the exhibition should be awarded to Mr. Arthur Glennie for some lovely views of Italy, the most perfect of which is perhaps "View between Gavinana and San Marcello in the mountains of Pistoja (Morning)" (37). Finally, among the work of the younger men, may specially be noted the freshly observed studies of Mr. G. Clausen and Mr. David Murray. The latter's "Over the Moor among the Heather" is full of lovely colour. So also is Mr. Henry Wallis's fine oriental interior with a scene from "The Sick King in Bokhara" (33).

Cosmo Monkhouse.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THOMAS BEWICK AND "THE FARMER'S BOY."

Cheltenham: December 19, 1889.

Allow me to place on record a few facts relative to this subject.

The original woodcut blocks (boxwood), together with the artist's and engraver's burnished proofs on India paper, were included in the library sale at Christie's of the late E. B. Jupp, F.S.A., solicitor to the Carpenters' Company. Each proof was signed "Thurston" (drawing master) and "Charlton Nesbit" (Bewick's pupil). Anderson did another set of woodcuts; and both sets were utilised by Vernor & Hood, publishers, sometimes even intermixed in the later editions (upwards of seventeen) of *The Farmer's Boy*.

The first edition was in foolscap quarto, and octavo, 1800, afterwards chiefly in duodecimo. In my "Bewick Library," dispersed at Sotheby's in July, 1868, I had every edition, also Bloomfield's *Rural Tales*, *Wild Flowers*, &c. Not one one cut in any was by the "master," though all were by the Bewick school.

Further information may be found in the Rev. T. Hugo's *Bewick Collector* and Supplement (*circa* 1870). Anderson engraved Bewick's *Quadrupeds* throughout in America; and an engraver named Kelly, of Dublin, copied the cuts to the *Farmer's Boy*, *Blossoms of Morality*, and other works with so-thought "Bewick" cuts, published in Ireland (*circa* 1810), but his name appears on a vignette on the titles of some.

Edwin Pearson.

Highgate: Dec. 10, 1889.

It is with some satisfaction that I have seen Mr. W. Muir's letter giving details of the illustrations in the third edition of *The Farmer's Boy*. He says that he has found two of the cuts signed by Nesbit; so that the statement in my *Life of Bewick*, that "some" of these illustrations are signed Nesbit, is justified and Mr. Radford's criticism proved groundless.

The following are the words in my book (p. 172):

"Of Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, published in twelve editions, from 1800 to 1811, and so persistently sold by booksellers and auctioneers as containing Bewick's work, it is enough to look carefully at the prints to ascertain that they are not by Bewick. Some, indeed, are signed 'Nesbit.' No book of a similar kind is more often retailed as a genuine Bewick than this, the mistake probably arising from the British Museum Catalogue, which classes it as the great engraver's work."

David Croal Thomson.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The *Illustrated London News* will issue this week, as a double-page supplement, a portrait of Robert Browning, after a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry. From a proof we have seen, we are justified in saying that it is excellent both as a likeness and as an example of wood-engraving.

The Electrotype Company will publish in January the first part of a new monthly serial,